POEMS

ON

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

BY

JAMES GRÆME.

Carmina de domini funere rapta sui. OVID.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following Poems were compoſed by the Author during the Summer receſs of the Univerſity, to amuſe himſelf and a friend in an obſcure and joyleſs ſolitude, unbleſt with the elegant ſatisfactions of life, and ſurrounded with circumſtances peculiarly favourable for the cultivation of the elegiac Muſe.

ELEGY, therefore, is that ſpecies of poetic compoſition which the Author, from the infelicity of his fortune, was ſtrongly determined to purſue, as beſt adapted to expreſs the querulous ideas of grief and diſappointment, and diſplay the ſoft diſtreſs of the tender paſſions.

THE lowlineſs of his lot conſpired with the ſimplicity of his heart to poſſeſs him with an early veneration for the virtues of the primitive ages; and the nature of his ſtudies afforded him frequent opportunities to improve and heighten that veneration, by enabling him to converſe familiarly with the moſt celebrated writers of GREECE and ROME. He read their remains with ardour, and imbibed their ſentiments with enthuſiaſm. On them he formed his taſte, and improved his heart. But he was charmed, above all others, with the humane writers of the elegiac claſs: The tender ſimplicity of TIBULLUS affected him with the livelieſt and deareſt delight, as it was moſt congenial to the gentleneſs of his natural diſpoſition, and exhibited the pureſt model of elegiac poetry.

As he wrote for the amuſement of private fortune with a ſincerity rarely to be met with in modern times, ſo he never entertained a thought

thought of improving the form of his productions beyond that of a manuſcript, until the unexpected approbation they received from ſome gentlemen of acknowledged taſte and critical diſcernment, made him conceive a deſign of committing them to the preſs; in the proſecution of which he was employed in the Autumn 1771, when he was ſeized with a conſumption, which put an untimely period to his life on the 26th of July laſt, (1772) at the early age of twenty-one.

Since his death, the friend and companion of his youth and ſtudies, in whoſe hands his pieces were left, has been prevailed with to publiſh them, according to his intended plan, without any eſſential alteration, and to add ſome pieces of occaſional reſemblance, but inferior merit, to make up a miſcellany, which the reader of taſte will eaſily diſtinguiſh by the diverſity of ſubject and manner, without any particular mark.

THE public muſt decide, whether the Author and his friend have acted with judgment and propriety in the preſent publication. It is only hoped, from the general ſtrain of the pieces, that this collection will furniſh no unpleaſing entertainment to the reader of ſenſibility. For him it was chiefly intended; and to him it is now inſcribed, in the fond perſuaſion that he will regard with candour, and cheriſh with reſpect, the ſimple effuſions of fancy, friendſhip, and love.

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ERRATA.

Page 43, line 23. For *Bona-roba's* read *Bona-robas.*

Page 44, line 3. For *Turbo's* read *Turbos.*

Page 45, line 17. For *Ergo's* read *Ergos.*

Page 72, line 5. For O THOU! read O YE.

Page 76, line 12. For *take him off,* read *cut him off.*

Page 149, line 14. For *dead* read *deed.*

Page 151, line 3. For *zepyhyrs* read *zephyrs.*

HERO

HERO AND LEANDER,

A

POEM,

IN

TWO BOOKS.

Κεδνὰ κακοι φθειρουσι γυναικῶν ἠθεα μῦθοι
Φευγε Νυμφη φευγε!———

NAUM. GNOM.

TO

Mr. ROBERT ANDERSON.

DEAR SIR,

THE following Poem has little to recommend it to you, but its being wrote by me. It was planned diſorderly, and compoſed in the ſame manner. But I am well aſſured, that though it were worſe you would ſtill be ready to ſay,

" Welcome, for thee, fair *friendſhip!* all the paſt;
" For thee, fair *friendſhip!* welcome ev'n the laſt."

I muſt, in juſtice to myſelf, confeſs I laboured under ſeveral diſadvantages. OVID, from whoſe Epiſtles I took the firſt hint, is far from being explicit. Had I known at what time the lovers lived, I might have

introduced ſome of the public tranſactions of that period into the Poem, and given it a greater air of probability. But all I could learn from him was, that they lived after the Trojan war. Had I fixed on a period, haply ſome critic of laborious fame might, with great expence of time and learning, have proved that I was forty or fifty years out in my calculations; a cenſure which, forſooth, I ſhould be ſorry to merit, and as ſorry to regret, had I merited. We find HERO clapt into a tower, and no reaſon given for it: I could not, conſiſtently with my deſign, uſe the ſame freedom. Perhaps my account of the matter may ſcarce appear an ingenious one; but I could poſitively give no better without running into *novel intrigue*, which the dignity of my numbers would not allow.——Even where my author was explicit, I did not always find it convenient to follow him. OVID has the Nurſe in the ſecret:—I, out of pure regard to HERO's tranquillity, have given her no knowlege of the matter. OVID makes LEANDER at the approach of Winter intermit his viſits, which was abſolutely neceſſary to his plan of epiſtolary correſpondence:—I had no ſuch view, and therefore drowned him in the firſt ſtorm I could conveniently raiſe; which my friend OVID would certainly have done in the ſame circumſtances. In a word, it was

almoſt

The poem is for the most part a trans-
lation from the speech of Musæus.
several passages in the original are
omitted, others paraphrased, & some
entire speeches, & new circumstances
introduced. The name Eumolpo.

The first English translation (for tho
have been many) appeared in the year
1647, by Sir Robert Stapylton —

The poem is now the production of
Musæus, of high antiquity; but of
a Grammarian of that name who liv
in the 5th Century.

almoſt an unbeaten path, and if the piece has any merit, OVID can ſcarce ſhare it with me.

THE reaſons I give for the Cataſtrophe, or, in other words, the Moral of the Poem, may probably awake a laugh in a modern fine gentleman; but if you don't join him in it, a fine gentleman's laugh won't put me out of countenance. Read, and as our friendſhip does not in the leaſt depend on the merit or demerit of HERO and LEANDER, whatever may be its fate ſhall little concern,

MY DEAR SIR,

Your affectionate friend,

Carnwath, Aug. 12.
1770.

JAMES GRÆME.

-ancient-

N. Abydos was a city of Asia situated on the Hellespont over against Sestos, a city in Thracian Chersonesus. La Brun says the strait is only half a mile over about 4 miles from the Dardanelles, where the ruins of Abydos are to be seen.

HERO AND LEANDER.

BOOK I.

SING, heav'nly maid! the memorable lamp
Conscious of secret loves, and the bold Youth
Who nightly brav'd the horrors of the deep,
Courting a dark embrace, and silent joys,
On which the morn immortal never dawn'd;
That famous lamp, by whose auspicious ray
The amorous LEANDER safely swam
To Asian SESTOS, and the longing arms
Of his fond mistress, who with watchful care
Tended its nightly radiance, and renew'd
It's failing flame; till one malignant hour
Saw it extinguish'd, and LEANDER dead.

FAST

Fast by the margin of the ſounding deep,
In a ſequeſter'd tow'r, a rev'rend pile,
The work of other days, belov'd of all,
The modeſt prieſteſs of the Cyprian Queen,
Fair Hero dwelt; unſpotted was the maid,
And unexperienc'd in the dang'rous ſweets
Of mutual love. She ſhunn'd the ſecret haunts
Of guileful pleaſure, where her wanton peers,
To youthful dalliance, and illicit joys,
Gave up their vanquiſh'd ſouls. But in the fane
With duteous hand on Venus' altar burnt
The fragrant produce of Sabæan groves,
Propitiating the Goddeſs, and her ſon
All-conqu'ring Love—Relentleſs, ſavage pow'r!
Could not the piety of the lovely maid
Unbend thy ſtubborn brow? her pleading tears
Avert thy fatal arrows?—No: She fell
The hapleſs victim of thy cruel art.

Now came the day through Asia's wide domains
To Venus ſacred, and the purple wounds
Of beautiful Adonis.—All the youth
Of ſea-girt Cyprus and Hæmonia come
To hold the feſtival.—Each virgin leaves
Her dance unfiniſh'd on thy fragrant top
Libanus! and thy ſoft luxurious ſons

On

Memorandum of Agreement

– Europe's –

On the tall cedars hang their uſeleſs harps
And throng to SESTUS.—All whoſe tender breaſt
Exults impaſſion'd at the pow'rful glance
Of female beauty on the PHRYGIAN plains,
And thine ARCADIA! but chiefly thine
Delicious DAPHNE! SYRIA's bliſsful grove
Croud thither alſo; and along with theſe
European ABYDOS, ſcarce disjoin'd
By Helleſpontic ſtraits from ASIA's ſhores,
And ancient SESTUS.—HERO through the fane
In all the majeſty of beauty walk'd,
Performing ev'ry rite; her bluſhing cheek
Shed a ſoft luſtre round; as when the ſun
Gilds with his early beams a vernal mead,
Where, dropt with dew, the roſe and lily blend
In ſweet aſſemblage.—Looſely thrown behind,
A ſnowy garment bruſh'd her ſtately ſteps,
With ſilver fringes deck'd.—The Graces ſmil'd
In ev'ry feature, ev'ry look;—eaſe ſat
On ev'ry limb;—each attitude confeſs'd
A prieſteſs worthy of the Queen of Love.
Each youth is fill'd with raviſhment, each breaſt
Heaves with deſire.——Where'er the virgin goes,
She quickly ſpreads the ſoft contagion round;
And pray'rs like theſe are heard thro' all the fane.
" Cytherean VENUS, or if IDA's grove,

" Or

" Or Carian CNIDUS, pleaſe thee more, attend
" My earneſt ſuit.—Be this! be this the maid
" Deſtin'd for me, when in the fated hour
" I kindle up the Hymenæal torch,
" And leave thy altars; if, like one of us,
" The earth's increaſe ſuffices for her food,
" And nouriſhes her lovely frame:—But if
" (As is more likely) an immortal ſhe
" Of thy celeſtial train, be ſuch the fair,
" Th' immortal fair, the Fates have mark'd my wife."

SUCH was the univerſal pray'r.—But thou,
LEANDER! fir'd with a ſublimer flame,
And inextinguiſhable ardour, did'ſt
Greatly reſolve to gain the beauteous maid,
Or fall the victim of a fruitleſs love.

THE uncorrupted torch of pure deſire
Flaſh'd in his eager eye;—his boſom glow'd
With an unuſual warmth;—a conſcious bluſh
Suffus'd his burning cheek, and *trembling* ſeiz'd
His looſen'd knees, and ſhook his manly frame.
Thrice he attempted to accoſt her, thrice
Amazement, fear, and reverence repreſs'd
His meditated words.—At laſt his love,
Impatient of controul, o'ercame his fears.

VEILIN

Veiling his real intent in artful guiſe
Of curious enquiry, with ſilent tread
He ſteals to where the maiden ſtood, amid
A menial train.—He joins himſelf to theſe,
Feigning ſome matter of diſcourſe.—Meanwhile
The deep-drawn ſigh, the languiſhing regard,
The downcaſt penſive look, and frequent bluſh,
Soliciting attention, did attract
Her ſerious notice;—then, leſs fearful grown,
He rais'd his eye, while ev'ry wiſhful glance
Betray'd his inmoſt ſoul.—She, not unpleas'd,
Beheld his infant-love, and nought averſe
To the ſoft intercourſe, with a regard
Of infinite complacency receiv'd
Each token of his paſſion:—Oft ſhe veil'd
In virgin modeſty her bluſhing cheek;
In vain ſhe veild! her boſom's tell-tale heave
Paſt not unnoted; ev'n the very bluſh,
But ill conceal'd; each favourable ſign
Did not eſcape a lover's watchful eye.

Now Night in ſilent majeſty advanc'd,
Wrapt in her ſtarry mantle:—Hesperus,
Propitious to love, with grateful blaze
Flam'd on heav'n's azure front.—The menial train
Forſook their miſtreſs;—ev'ry thing conſpir'd

To

To further his design.—He boldly seiz'd
Her lily hand, and press'd it to his lips
With many a gentle squeeze, and sighing soft,
Whisper'd his tender passion in her ear.
She, sullenly indignant, did withdraw
Her lovely lily hand:—He, nought dismay'd,
Still persever'd, and by the silver fringe
Of her white garment, dragg'd the bashful fair,
Apparently reluctant, from the croud,
To the dread *penetralia* of the fane;
Where she at length gave loose to her complaints,
And chid LEANDER thus:—"Rude stranger, say,
"Whence this presumption? Think you me so light,
"So cheap a thing, so impotent of soul,
"As to be won by ev'ry breath of praise?
"To stoop and listen to the tedious tale
"Of ev'ry fulsome flatterer? Away!
"And dread the vengeance of a pow'rful sire."

THUS she in maiden dignity; nor wish'd
Her threats successful. While in soothing mood
LEANDER thus began; and, speaking, kiss'd
Her fragrant neck. "O fair above thy sex!
"Upon thy heaving breast, immortal bliss
"And real rapture let me ever drink
"Delighted;—ever dwell upon thy lips

"In

" In ſacred tranſport:—Thus to claſp thee—thus
" Embrace thy charms, is happineſs beyond
" The narrow limits and invidious bourne
" Of weak mortality.—I feel my ſoul
" Glow with diviner fire, and ſoar above
" This humble ſcene of things.—Depriv'd of this,
" Not all the treaſur'd ore, nor num'rous herds
" That graze a thouſand hills, nor gilded ſtate
" Of purpl'd tyrants, nor the olive crown
" Gain'd with th' applauſes of aſſembled Greece
" On the Elëan plains, could ever draw
" One wiſh of life, to tread its irkſome rounds!
" To crawl the reptile prey of ev'ry care,
" So fal'n from what I am! ſo abject!—Yes,
" I'd ruſh on non-exiſtence, and defy
" The ſilent regions of the dead, to ſhow
" In all their bounds a miſery like this.
" If I muſt loſe thee, call thy father in
" While yet I hang upon thy neck and quaff
" Immortal pleaſures; let him ſtab me here;
" I'll thank him for his pains, my lateſt breath
" Shall bleſs the hand that gave the timely blow.—
" But why this diſmal apparatus? why
" This melancholy proſpect—this expenſe
" Of dreadful images? What hinders now
" The ſweet indulgence of a lawful flame?

" The time, the place, but moſt of all the voice,
" The ſilent pow'rful voice of nature calls
" Sweetly perſuaſive on us, to obey
" Her pleaſant ſacred mandates, and fulfil
" Her ſovereign decree.—Black darkneſs round
" Extends a negro-covering, and ſecures
" Our mutual tranſports from the impious eye
" Of envious cens'ring man;—and hov'ring near
" The *ſmiling Goddeſs* from her dove-drawn car
" Looks down complacent, and approves each joy,
" Each heart-felt rapture of her youthful gueſts."

Thus he impaſſion'd ſpoke.—While ev'ry word
Each glowing kiſs, and ev'ry mournful ſigh,
More prevalent than words, the winning ſpeech!
The ſoft pathetic eloquence of love!
Found but too eaſy credit.—On the earth
She fix'd her azure eye, and paſſive ſtood
In baſhful ſilence;—ſilence, the conſent
Of yielding maids unpractis'd. Oft ſhe drew
Around her ſnowy breaſt the looſe-hung robe;
As oft th' invidious garment was remov'd
By vagrant hands licentious. Then at length,
Though too, too late! collecting the remains
The laſt weak efforts of a virgin ſhame,
She puſh'd him gently from her, and beſpoke

The lovely ſtranger thus.—" In vain you know "
" Each paſſage to the heart! in vain poſſeſs "
" The various eloquence of words! perhaps "
" The next propitious gale may waſt you hence "
" A faithleſs wand'rer, leaving me to mourn "
" Your broken vows, and ev'ry holy bond "
" Tranſgreſs'd; each holy bond, and ev'ry vow, "
" In ſecret darkneſs ſworn:—For open rites, "
" And HYMEN's outward pomp, my wayward fate "
" And an inexorable ſire deny! "
" Say, if an exile from your natal ſhore, "
" A ſojourner in SESTUS, could your tongue "
" Conceal the favours of a loving maid, "
" And give to deepeſt night each fond exceſs "
" Of her affection? Ah! the tongue of man "
" Is prone to ſcandal:—Could you hear me prais'd "
" For modeſt charms and chaſtity, nor yet "
" In youthful pride betray me to the world? "
" Perhaps I ev'n might truſt you.—But declare "
" Your name, your country, and your father's houſe; "
" For mine you know:—Illuſtrious HERO I, "
" The prieſteſs of this fane, condemn'd to dwell "
" By cruel parents in a lonely tow'r "
" By the rough HELLESPONT; far, far remov'd "
" From the ſociety of man, and all "
" My maiden equals! Nightly in my ears "

" The hollow winds ſing mournful, and the wave
" Beats on the rock below with horrid claſh,
" And ſhakes the aged dome;—while on my couch,
" My ſolitary couch, I trembling ly,
" And mourn my luckleſs fate with many a tear."

THUS bluſhing ſhe.—And thus the amorous youth
Incontinent returns:—" Down, coward fear!
" Let angry tempeſts rage, and ev'ry wind
" Turmoil the ſurgy deep, I'll boldly cleave
" The ſounding waters.—What is danger? what
" Death, in his form moſt frightful, when compar'd
" With the ſweet hope of loſing all my cares
" In pureſt ecſtaſy and chaſte delight
" On my fair HERO's boſom? Yes, dear maid!
" I'll nightly ſwim the HELLESPONT to thee,
" And bleſs his boiſt'rous billows, and his ſhores
" Rocky and ſteep, that graciouſly afford
" An opportunity to try my love.
" In ſtrong ABYDOS, the conſpicuous dome
" Of my old ſire EURYALUS the ſage,
" An honour'd name, who haply now laments
" In cheerleſs ſolitude LEANDER's ſtay,
" His lov'd, his only ſon, ſtands eminent
" Juſt oppoſite to this, and clearly mark'd
" By day; now buried in impervious ſhade.

" Doubt

" Doubt not my pledged faith;—do only thou
" Let a pale lamp extend a glimm'ring ray
" Athwart the midnight gloom, to point the path
" And guide my doubtful courſe:—I aſk no more,
" But leave the reſt to providence and heav'n."

STRUCK with amazement at ſo bold a thought,
So daring a reſolve, ſhe graſp'd the youth
Cloſe to her panting breaſt, and kindly wiſh'd
The gods would proſper the attempt.—She fear'd
There might be danger in it;—yet ſhe hop'd
The ſea-born VENUS would confirm his nerves,
And ſmooth the deep before his active arm.

THE night was far advanc'd. LEANDER's mates,
Impatient to be gone, in noiſy haſte
Call'd loudly on him: The ungrateful ſound
Reach'd his unwilling ears; he ſudden ſnatch'd
A parting kiſs, and join'd the clam'rous crew.
While ſad and penſive HERO left the fane,
Revolving in her mind the midnight lamp,
The dangers of the deep, it's rocky ſhores,
And all that might obſtruct LEANDER's love.

END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

HERO AND LEANDER.

BOOK II.

NOW riſing ruddy from TITHONUS' bed,
The young AURORA urg'd her dappl'd ſteeds
Along the broad celeſtial way, and chas'd
Reluctant darkneſs to the weſtern world;
Each fragrant flow'ret of the humble vale
With pearly dew-drops hung, a deeper bluſh,
A freſher glow aſſum'd, and ſun-burnt hills
A greener mantle wore.—The ſons of GREECE
Forſook the downy couch, and rang'd the wood
Profuſe of melody; or arduous ſcal'd
The verdant ſummit, or more gently trac'd
The flow'ry mazes of ſome murm'ring brook,

As

As chance or fancy led. But by the ſhore,
Apart from all, LEANDER thoughtful ſat,
And on fair HERO's lonely manſion fix'd
His eye unwearied, wiſhing for the dark,
The favourable hour, the hour of love:
His unbent bow and harmleſs quiver lay
Neglected on the rock, while round his head
Unhurt, the ſea-mew and the ſcreaming hern
Skim'd with inceſſant clang.—No more his ſoul
Pants for the bloody ceſtus, or exults
To hurl the jav'lin, or the weighty diſk,
Beyond his peers:—In vain his mettl'd ſteeds
Demand their wonted courſe, and neighing paw
Their ſtalls indignant; he regards them not:
His ſecret nuptials, and his ſpouſe's charms,
Yet unenjoy'd, engage his ev'ry care,
And vindicate each thought.—At laſt arriv'd
The long-expected hour.—Solemn and ſlow
Night reaſſum'd her ebon throne; the breeze
Blew keener from the ſhore, and onward roll'd
More lengthen'd billows; while the wither'd graſs
Long-rankling on the ſea-beat cliff, in ſtrains
More ſadly-pleaſing ſooth'd the penſive ear.
Athwart the ſilent face of night, now gleam'd
The red-blue taper, with a ſickly ray
Diffus'd around; not much unlike the ſad,

The dreary glare of bearded comets, ſeen
By the obſervant ſage to ſhoot along
Their lengthen'd orbits of an hundred years;
Immenſely rapid! —Straight LEANDER hail'd
The glad appearance, and his ſilken robe,
Of thinneſt texture from the Tyrian loom,
Buoyant and light, collected on his head,
He careful bound; in act to plunge he ſtood,
Reckleſs of danger, when a threat'ning wave,
Of more than uſual bulk, enormous, daſh'd
The murm'ring ſhore, and cover'd all his limbs
With floating ſea-weed; then a ſudden fear
Congeal'd him to the rock; with both his hands
Immoveable he clung. But ſoon his love
Reſtor'd his wonted warmth:—The ridgy waves
Forſaken by the gale ſubſiding ſunk
To ſweet repoſe, on the unruffled breaſt
Of their cerulean ſire; with active bound,
And arms extended, from the craggy ſhore
He leapt impetuous, while the cloſing main
Reſounded to his fall; the gathering foam
In ſhining circles girt his manly neck
Emerging from the water.—But the maid
By the pale lamp ſtood watchful, and would oft
Oppoſe her mantle to the eddy breeze
Threat'ning its friendly radiance; or would ſteal

With

- Amy

With ſilent ſteps to where the aged nurſe
In peaceful ſlumbers clos'd her rheumy eyes;
Leſt haply ſome returning flow of phlegm,
Some periodic gout, or racking ach,
Should rouſe the teſty matron, and betray
Their ſecret correſpondence.—Thus employ'd,
Breathleſs and ſpent with toil, LEANDER reach'd
The wiſhful harbour: To the nuptial couch
She led him, leaning on her breaſt, and wip'd
The brine offenſive from his ſhiv'ring limbs,
And wrung his lovely locks; a pleaſant taſk!
A grateful labour! interrupted oft
With mute embraces: then ſhe on his head
Pour'd precious ointment, and the ſoft'ning balm
Of Syrian groves, moſt ſavoury, and cheer'd
His drooping ſpirits thus:—" My charming youth,
" Much haſt thou ſuffer'd, well approv'd thy faith,
" But now 'tis paſt, the mighty danger's o'er!
" The couch is ready, and thy ſpouſe's arms
" Are open to receive thee; here enjoy
" The happy fruits of all thy hardy toils.
" Here, LEANDER! let me lull thy ſoul
" In bleſt oblivion of the wind and wave."
Reſtor'd to wonted vigour, and improv'd
In manly graces, he no longer ſhunn'd
The fond, the am'rous conteſt; but unloos'd

The

The maiden girdle.—Silent were their joys!
No choſen youth with melody and ſong
Led up the mazy dance; no ſacred bard,
Inſpir'd of heav'n, attun'd the melting lyre
To hallow'd numbers, and the hidden ſweets
Of HYMEN's myſtic kingdom, the domain
Of lawful pleaſures!—With the fragrant growth
Of bluſhing meadows, and the verdant boughs
Of ſpreading palms, no virgin train adorn'd
The nuptial couch;—no venerable ſire,
No rev'rend mother, ſung with quav'ring lips
The wiſhful Hymeneals; and no torch
Illum'd the bridal chamber:—Darkneſs veil'd
The happy pair, and conſcious night diffus'd
Her ſhadows round them; while, unſeen, unheard,
The ſylvan deities, to celeſtial airs,
Light ſwept the floor in an immortal dance.
But drowſy SOMNUS by ALMENA's couch,
Fair HERO's guardian, took his ſilent ſtand,
And bath'd her temples in the pow'rful juice
Of midnight herbs, inducing ſweet reſpite
From all the dread infirmities of age,
The panting aſthma, and the piercing pain
Of joint-contracting aches; where'er it ſheds
Its balmy influence, no ſcalding rheum
The deep ſunk eye-balls ſtreaks with fiery red,

Averting

Averting peaceful ſlumbers.—Soft ſhe lay
While not a ſigh or mournful groan diſturb'd
The bliſsful vigils of ecſtatic love.

SUCH were LEANDER's nightly toils, and ſuch
Their glorious recompenſe.—But righteous heav'n
Oft moſt ſeverely puniſhes the crimes
It ſeems to proſper: lawleſs were their joys,
From ſelfiſh paſſion ſprung; the ſage advice
Of parents was not aſk'd: The marriage rites,
Of more than human origin, the bond,
The ſacred bond, connecting man and wife
In holy union, and the fruitful ſource
Of all ſociety, the ſole defence
'Gainſt an uncertain progeny, untrain'd
And fatherleſs, the burden of a ſtate;
The marriage rites, that point the neareſt road
To real rapture and unblended bliſs,
To perfect friendſhip and parental love,
The nobleſt paſſions of the human heart,
Refin'd from all the dregs of groſs deſire,
Were diſregarded.——Now the Winter hour,
Cold and uncomfortable, came, o'ercaſt
With low-hung vapours, rouſing from their caves
Where they had ſlept the ſummer ſuns away
In inoffenſive peace; the raging ſtorms

Confus'dly

Confus'dly hurrying thro' the murky void
Clouds roll'd on clouds.—The troubled ocean felt
The univerſal violence deſcend
To his profoundeſt depths, and furious pil'd
High-tow'ring waves on tow'ring waves high-heap'd,
A wat'ry Caucaſus! deform'd with mud
And ooze unſightly; threat'ning loud to pour
The blacken'd deluge on the frighted ſhore,
Aiding the wild commotion.—On the rock
The ſhip is daſh'd impetuous: from the ſhore
The penſive ſailor ſees the floating wreck
Wide-ſcatter'd round, and ſhuns the faithleſs main.
Not ſo LEANDER: the accuſtom'd lamp
Beam'd thro' the horrid gloom;—he fearleſs plung'd
Into the HELLESPONT, impell'd by fate,
And love, as ſtrong as fate.—From wave to wave
He bounding flies before the howling winds,
Now here, now there, as this or that prevails;
Undaunted ſtill, he put forth ev'ry nerve,
Exerted ev'ry ſinew, fixing ſtill
His ſteady eyes upon the trembling ray,
Oft intercepted by the heapy ſurge.
Loud and more loud the bellowing tempeſt rag'd,
Whilſt, correſponding with each diſmal blaſt,
The bulky billows heav'd in dreadful dance.
Weary'd and faint with bootleſs toil, his limbs

Refus'd

Refus'd their office, and his feeble arms
Cleave to his panting ſides.—Then ſuppliant thus
His pray'r to Neptune, and to ev'ry nymph
Inhabiting the deep, and ev'ry wind,
But chiefly bluſt'ring Boreas, he addreſs'd.
" Once more, ye pow'rful deities! once more
" Indulge a lover's wiſhes; yet again
" Let me embrace my HERO, let me give
" One parting laſt embrace; and ſince this life
" Is due to deſtiny, in my return
" Let Ocean ſink me to his loweſt bed."
Thus he, alas! in vain; unhappy youth!
Nor god, nor nymph, nor bluſt'ring Boreas heard
The modeſt pray'r.—Unable to elude
Their ſweepy force, each raging billow drove
Reſiſtleſs o'er his head, emerging ſcarce
After long intervals;—while the rough winds
Extinguiſhed the lamp, and with it all
His hopes of ſafety.—" Heav'n! (he ſaid), I yield,
" Nor ſtruggle longer with my fate—Adieu,
" My lovely HERO!—but, ye ſtormy winds,
" O bear me, bear me from the Seſtan ſhore!
" Suffice one lover's death"——The greedy wave
Clos'd on the reſt!—Already morning dawn'd,
Joyleſs and ſad, when lonely in the tow'r,
Feigning LEANDER's tread in ev'ry blaſt,

HERO ſat penſive, whilſt foreboding ſighs
Did ſhake her tender frame; impatient grown,
She from the window view'd the frightful deep,
High-ſwell'd and boiſt'rous.—Who can deſcribe
Her ſoul's diſtreſs? But what muſt ſhe have felt!
What ſuffer'd! when ſhe ſaw his mangled corſe
Daſh'd on the rock below!—She from her breaſt
The various garment tore, and headlong leapt
The height prodigious!—Side by ſide they lay;
A loving pair, united ev'n in death.

A NIGHT-PIECE.

TO ſpeed the luckleſs moments, heavy-wing'd,
And from the drowſy monarch glorious ſteal,
And dark oblivion drear, the ſilent hour,
To meditation ſacred and the muſe;
In grave abſtraction from the noiſe of life,
Thus let me frequent bruſh the dewy brake,
And, lonely devious, urge the darkſome ſtep,
Where, riſing gradual, tow'rs the ſhrubby hill.

Now, Night's vicegerent, Silence, awful pow'r!
In ſage ſolemnity, and pomp auguſt,
Brooding retir'd amid immantling glooms
Horrific, holds her ſolitary reign,
While yielding Nature owns her potent ſway.

THE ſcold's loud larum, and the dinſome mirth
Of lawleſs revellers, plague not the ear:
And rock-born Echo, daughter of the hill,

The dupe of empty clangor, anſwers not
The ox's bellow, or the horſe's neigh.

Not one rebellious murmur wide around
Affects the ſenſe; ſave from an aged fane,
(Whoſe rocky ruins, honour'd in decay,
Riſe venerable, furr'd with drawling ſlugs),
Her lone retreat, the melancholic bird
Portentous and obſcene, the hooting owl
Of formal phiz, in grave diſcordance hails
The full-orb'd moon, who now from orient climes
Drives ſlowly on, in majeſty ſedate,
Her ſilver wain; with noiſeleſs flight they cleave
The blue expanſe, her courſers eagle-wing'd.

Shook from Night's ſable ſkirt, the blue-grey cloud
Reſts on the hill, ſlow creeping to the vale.

Athwart the vault etherial, airy borne,
The ſtreamy vapours, carv'd to giant forms
By rural fancy, playful, wheel convolv'd,
Portending hunger, peſtilence, and death:
So dreams the gloomy peaſant, labour-worn,
Who, from the turf-clos'd window's ſcanty round,
With grave regard the novel wonder views,
And, ruminating ſad, bewails the times.

The red-blue meteor, daughter of the marſh,
In dance irreg'lar ſweeps the ruſhy vale,
While hell's grim monarch (ſo the vulgar deem)
Rides in the glimm'ring blaze, with purpoſe drear,
And murderous intent, and frequent drowns
The heedleſs wand'rer in the ſwardy gulf.

Now light-heel'd fairies ply the circ'lar dance,
With ſportive elves, upon the midnight green;
While ſcreaming hideous, from the diſmal bourne
Of deſolated caſtles, goblins pale,
Bloody and gaunt, the progeny abhorr'd
Of ſuperſtition, hell-engender'd pow'r,
By cunning monks conjur'd from loweſt Styx!
Affright the maudlin ruſtic.—Now ſolemn,
To fancy's morbid eye, the ſullen ghoſt,
In ſheeted grandeur thro' the church-yard ſtalks
Horrendous, mutt'ring to the ſick'ning moon;
Until the bird of Mars with noiſy clap,
Arrouſive of the dawn, ſhall crow aloud.

Now Scandal's votaries, of flippant tongue
And haggard look, low-bending o'er a fire
Almoſt extinct, beneath a cloud obſcene,
Tobacco-form'd, ſit planning future lies.

With bolts and double-doors in vain ſecur'd,
Grey-headed Av'rice on the elbow rais'd,
Diſtruſtful liſtens to the plaintive breeze
That howls without, while to his jealous ear
A dire divan of helliſh ruffians curs'd
Debate the future breach: mad at the thought,
With palſy'd arms, new-ſtrung from fear, he graſps
His money-bags, and ſwears they ſhall not have 'em.

Now in his rev'rend ſtudy, cobweb-lin'd,
Beſide a paly lamp, with bitten nails,
The meagre ſtudent o'er a folio ſits,
Of ſageſt bulk, in meditation deep:
Weak nature oft invites to ſweet repoſe,
And bids reſtore the labour'd volume huge
To worms innate; but o'er his fancy come
The patron's money'd aunt, his future ſpouſe,
The glebe, the ſolemn ſables, cravat ſtarch,
And urge ſome pages more; till ruſhing prone,
The claſſic cruiſe, in hapleſs ſtation plac'd,
In fragments ſcatter'd lies, and victor Sleep
His triumph trumpets from the vocal noſe.

Now, by the willow'd brink of wand'ring ſtreams,
The woe-worn lover walks with varied pace
Mutt'ring his wayward fancies to the wind,

Obteſting

Obteſting heav'n, and curſing ev'ry ſtar
That lowr'd malicious on his hopeful flame:
Or, in a moſs-lin'd cave, below an oak
Of ancient growth, he plans the ſong of woe,
The word-weigh'd elegy of liquid lapſe,
And cadence glib: Or, weary'd to repoſe,
His ſigh-ſhook frame lies bliſsfully entranc'd
(For ſo he dreams) in fair CLEONE's arms.

THE

THE UNSUCCESSFUL CAPRICE.

A FRAGMENT.

I Sought repoſe from love's perplexing cares,
His groundleſs hopes, and ſtill more groundleſs fears;
The luſcious nights with ZION's monarch paſt,
In ſpite of ev'ry art grew ſtale at laſt,
I long'd in ſolitude to doze the day,
Nor languiſhingly dull, nor vainly gay;
Now in grave contemplation ſtrive to ſcan
That charming, teazing, froward creature, man;
And now with dancing damſels plant a net
Before the unſuſpecting monarch's feet;
For ſtill (whate'er I thought) my tender breaſt
In ſilent ſighs too warm a love expreſt;
Still too much fervour wanton'd in my blood,
To act with rigour the affected prude;

But

But bent my fond indulgent ſpouſe to vex,
(For, come what will, we wives muſt have our freaks),
To SHARON's pleaſant palace I retir'd,
Of thouſands admirable, moſt admir'd;
TYRE's dædal ſons, with learned wonder gaze,
And almoſt deify the dome they raiſe;
The humble HIRAM ſcarce will own his plan,
Content to be a maſon and a man:
On ev'ry ſide extends a verdant mead,
With all the charms of various nature ſpread:
Here, ſtrays a limpid ſtream, whoſe mazy courſe,
Is mark'd with willows, fragrant ſhrubs, and flow'rs;
And there, in diſtant proſpect ſeen to riſe,
Groves, caſtles, mountains, mingling with the ſkies;
The nice proportion, and the chaſte deſign,
May charm an artiſt's eye, but charm'd not mine;
'Twas OPHIR's jewels, and Arabia's ſweets,
That lifted SHARON o'er a thouſand ſeats;
Whatever pamper'd females hold moſt rare,
Of all th' advent'rous merchant brings from far,
A gallant monarch joy'd to place it there.
On the embroider'd couch myſelf I flung,
Inviting ſleep, ſurrounding damſels ſung;
Be rural peace and innocence the theme,
Leſt love (ſaid I) uſurp my coming dream."

Obedient

Obedient to my voice, at once they raiſe
In choir conſenting, their harmonious lays:
Now white-rob'd Candour, and his blytheſome peers,
O'er Temperance's cup forget their years;
Forget each wayward frowning fortune paſt,
And thank juſt Heav'n, that will reward at laſt.
Now healthy Labour, and his ruſſet wife,
Snatch the coarſe meal, nor wiſh a happier life,
Bleſs the kind hand that, with aſſiduous care,
Still crowns their table with delicious fare;
Bow low, in gratitude for what they have,
To have no leſs, the only boon they crave.
While now beneath a ſpreading fig-tree's ſhade
The ſhepherd ſwain is indolently laid;
Sportive around his little lambkins play,
And all heav'n's muſic warbles from the ſpray:
In diſtant perſpective the wolf appears,
Who drinks the pleaſing ſound, and ſoftens as he hears.
Sleep, that unaſk'd anoints the peaſant's eye,
And ſpreads his wings where labour's children lye;
At baſhful diſtance ſtands, nor dares approach
The luſty lady on her lazy couch;
In vain invok'd! no ſleep, no ſlumber came,
To pour their balſam on my weary'd frame;
Each various poſture, each device I try'd,
But in each poſture was repoſe deny'd:

Mad

Mad at my fate, now here, now there, I toſt,
Curs'd the whole world, but curs'd myſelf the moſt;
Pray'd ſudden ruin on our race in rage,
Nor ſpar'd my lovely SOLOMON the ſage.
" The ſky, however clouded, ſoon will clear,"
Said father DAVID, that illuſtrious ſeer;
And, ſays his ſon, " The moſt impetuous blaſt
" Will ſpend its fury, and ſubſide at laſt."
So after ſwearing, raving, all in vain,
What could I do, but be—myſelf again?
My native tenderneſs awak'd in ſighs,
And all the woman lighten'd in my eyes;
" Which of thy daughters, ZION! canſt thou tell,
" Detains that lover who once lov'd ſo well?
" Why lag theſe feet that once outſtript the wind?
" Slow are his ſteps that leaves a heart behind:
" Who could have thought he e'er would prove untrue,
" So firm the ſanction, and ſo great the vow!
" By JACOB's GOD, the dreadful GOD, he ſwore,
" The holy temple, and the myſtic gore;
" By DAVID's throne, the Majeſty divine,
" Which thro' all ages ſhall adorn his line,
" Ever to love me, concubine or wife,
" Or to be blotted from the book of life.
" Raſh was the oath—if heav'n the forfeit ſpare,
" Thy ſpouſe will pardon, and do thou repair;

" A

" A very little will my claims content,
" 'Tis no great matter ſure,—*be complaiſant.*
" How could, alas! my ſingle charms prevail
" Againſt the thouſands of thy great ſerail?
" But ſtill one night or two, or more than two,
" I may at leaſt inſiſt on as my due."

THUS of feign'd falſehoods did my tongue complain,
While all my heart was harrow'd up with pain;
My troubled thoughts ſtill chang'd from this to that,
I fear'd, I hop'd, I wiſh'd, I knew not what:
But hark! is this my royal lover's voice?
" Awake, my fair! my beſt belov'd ariſe;
" A chilly tremor o'er my frame is ſpread,
" And night's unwholeſome damps are on my head."
The well-known ſound went thrilling to my heart,
Tho' ſtill I meant to act the prudiſh part;
I ſtrove my riſing tenderneſs to hide,
And with affected coolneſs thus reply'd:
" You come, my dear! at an improper hour,
" However willing, 'tis not in my pow'r;
" Indeed it is not—I have waſh'd my feet
" With precious ointments, and with odours ſweet;
" And then my clothes are ev'ry rag miſlaid,

* * * * * * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * * * * * *

CURLING:

"Hail to my friend! from western climes remote,
Where boundless prospects widen on the eye,
And weary ocean with unwearied sheen!

CURLING:

A POEM.

FRETTED to atoms by the poignant air,
Frigid and Hyperborean flies the ſnow,
In many a vortex of monades, wind-wing'd,
Hoſtile to naked noſes, dripping oft
A cryſtal humour, which as oft is wip'd
From the blue lip wide-gaſh'd: the hanging ſleeve
That covers all the wriſt, uncover'd elſe,
The peaſant's only handkerchief, I wot,
Is glaz'd with blue-brown ice. But reckleſs ſtill
Of cold, or drifted ſnow, that might appal
The city coxcomb, arm'd with beſoms, pour
The village youngſters forth, jocund and loud,
And cover all the loch: With many a tug,
The pond'rous ſtone, that all the Summer lay
Unoccupy'd along its oozy ſide,
Now to the mud faſt frozen, ſcarcely yields
The wiſh'd-for vict'ry to the brawny youth,

Who, braggart of his ſtrength, a circling crowd
Has drawn around him, to avouch the feat:
Short is his triumph, fortune ſo decrees;
Applauſe is chang'd to ridicule, at once
The looſen'd ſtone gives way, ſupine he falls,
And prints his members on the pliant ſnow.

The goals are marked out; the centre each
Of a large random circle; *diſtance ſcores*
Are drawn between, the dread of weakly arms.
Firm on his *cramp-bits* ſtands the ſteady youth,
Who leads the game: Low o'er the weighty ſtone
He bends incumbent, and with niceſt eye
Surveys the further goal, and in his mind
Meaſures the diſtance; careful to beſtow
Juſt force enough: then, balanc'd in his hand,
He flings it on direct; it glides along
Hoarſe murmuring, while, plying hard before,
Full many a beſom ſweeps away the ſnow,
Or icicle, that might obſtruct its courſe.

But ceaſe, my muſe! what numbers can deſcribe
The various game? Say, canſt thou paint the bluſh
Impurpled deep, that veils the ſtripling's cheek,
When, wand'ring wide, the ſtone neglects the *rank*,
And ſtops midway?—His opponent is glad,

Yet

Yet fears a ſim'lar fate, while ev'ry mouth
Cries, *off the hog*, and TINTO joins the cry.
Or couldſt thou follow the experienc'd play'r
Thro' all the myſt'ries of his art? or teach
The undiſciplin'd how to *wick*, to *guard*,
Or *ride full out* the ſtone that blocks the paſs?

THE *bonſpeel* o'er, hungry and cold, they hie
To the next ale-houſe; where the game is play'd
Again, and yet again, over the jug;
Until ſome hoary hero, haply he
Whoſe ſage direction won the doubtful day,
To his attentive juniors tedious talks
Of former times;—of many a *bonſpeel* gain'd,
Againſt oppoſing pariſhes; and *ſhots*,
To human likelihood ſecure, yet ſtorm'd:
With liquor on the table, he pourtrays
The ſituation of each ſtone. Convinc'd
Of their ſuperior ſkill, all join, and hail
Their grandſires ſteadier, and of ſurer hand.

TO A FLY.

LEAVE this pale, this bloodleſs cheek,
Fooliſh, noiſy, flutt'ring thing!
Haſte where freſher features call thee,
Flitting on thy azure wing.

On yon verdant bank reclining,
See BELINDA's charms invite,
But, content with perching on them,
Stop, nor cruel ſeek to bite.

Safely ſuck the pearly moiſture
On her jutting roſy lip;
Fan, nor handkerchief, oppoſe thee,
See, the maiden's faſt aſleep.

Poliſh'd neck, or brow, might tempt thee,
Did her breaſts not heave below,
Brightly ſhining thro' the napkin,
Pretty little globes of ſnow!

See, her ſhapely legs uncover'd,
As the fair unconſcious lies;
Miſs not theſe, they're lawful plunder,
And her downy ſwelling thighs.

But, raſh inſect! go no farther,
A delicious tomb at moſt;
Ever, ever wouldſt thou wander,
Ever pleaſurably loſt!

Lovely labyrinths and windings!
Happy, more than happy, he!
Who ſhall trace theſe bliſsful mazes,
Mazes dangerous for thee.

Fraughted with the pilfer'd fragrance,
Come and perch on me again;
Fear not on my lip to faſten;
Never fear, I won't complain.

But if ſtill thou buzzeſt round me,
Quickly, quickly ſhalt thou die;
Thus, between my hands I'll cruſh thee,
An untow'ring, vulgar fly.

THE STUDENT:

A FRAGMENT.

Literæ non multum decus habent. OVID.

REMOTE from ſchools, from colleges remote,
In a poor hamlet's meaneſt, homelieſt ~~hut~~ cot,
My early years were ſpent, obſcurely low;
Little I knew, nor much deſir'd to know;
My higheſt wiſhes never mounted high'r
Than the attainments of an aged ſire;
Proverbial wiſdom, competence of wealth,
Earn'd with hard labour, and enjoy'd with health,
Bleſt, had I ſtill theſe bleſſings known to prize!
More rich I ſure had been; perhaps more wiſe.

ONE luckleſs day, returning from the field,
Two ſwains, the wiſeſt of the village held,
Talking of books and learning I o'erheard,
Of learned men, and learned men's reward;

How

How ſome rich wives, and ſome rich livings got,
Sprung from the leaſers of a turf-built cot:
Then both concluded, tho' it ruin'd health,
Increaſe of learning was increaſe of wealth.

FIR'D with the proſpect, I embrac'd the hint,
A grammar borrow'd, and to work I went,
The ſcope and tenor of each rule I kept,
No accent miſs'd me, and no gender 'ſcap'd;
I read whate'er commenting Dutchmen wrote,
Turn'd o'er SCHREVELIUS, and could SUIDAS quote;
In letter'd * AULUS trac'd the bearded ſage,
Thro' all the windings of a wiſe adage;
Was the ſpectator of each honeſt ſcar,
Each ſophiſt carry'd from each wordy war;
Undaunted was my heart, nor could appal
The muſtieſt volume of the muſtieſt ſtall;
Where'er I turn'd, the giant ſpiders fled,
And trembling moths retreated as I read;
Thro' GREECE and ROME I then obſervant ſtray'd,
Their manners noted, and their ſtates ſurvey'd;
Attended heroes to the bloody fields,
Their helmets poliſh'd, and emboſs'd their ſhields;
With duteous hand the *Bona-roba's* dreſt,
And wrap'd the ſtripling in his manly veſt:

* AULUS GELLIUS.

Nor

Nor ſtopt I there, but mingled with the boys,
Their rattles rattled, and improv'd their toys;
Laſh'd conic *Turbo's* as in gyres they flew,
Beſtrode their hobbies, and their whiſtles blew:
But ſtill when this, and more than this, was done,
My coat was ragged, and my hat was brown.
Then thus I commun'd with myſelf: "Shall I
"Let all this learning in oblivion die?
"Live in the haunts of ignorance, content
"With veſt unbutton'd, and with breeches rent?
"None knows my merit here; if any knew,
"A ſcholar's worth would meet a ſcholar's due.
"What then? The College! ay, 'tis there I'll ſhine,
"I'll ſtudy morals, or I'll turn divine;
"Struck with my letter'd fame, without a doubt,
"Some modern LÆLIUS will find me out:
"Superior parts can never long be hid,
"And he who wants deſerves not to be fed."

TRANSPORTED with the thoughts of this and that,
I ſtitch'd my garments, and I dy'd my hat;
To college went, and found, with much ado,
That roſes were not red, nor vi'lets blue;
That all I've learn'd, or all I yet may learn,
Can't help me truth from falſehood to diſcern.
* * * * * * * * * * * *
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All

All mere confuſion, altogether hurl'd,
One dreary waſte, one vaſt ideal world!
Where uproar rules, and do you what you will,
Uproar has rul'd it, and will rule it ſtill.
Victorious *Ergo*, daring conſequence,
Will ever be a match for common ſenſe!
To lordly Reaſon ev'ry thing muſt bow,
The hero Liberty, and Conſcience too;
The firſt is fetter'd in a fatal chain,
The latter, gagg'd, attempts to ſpeak in vain.

LOCKE! MALBRANCHE! HUME! abſtractions thrice abſtract!
In reaſon give me what in ſenſe I lack;
I feel my poverty, and, in my eye,
My hat, tho' dy'd, has but a duſky dye;
"Miſtruſt your feelings, reaſon bids you, do;"—
But, gentlemen, indeed I cannot now;
For after all your *Ergo's*, look you there!
My hat is greaſy, and my coat is bare.
Hail, moral Truth! I'm here at leaſt ſecure,
You'll give me comfort, tho' you keep me poor.
But ſay you ſo? in troth 'tis ſomething hard,
Virtue does ſurely merit a reward.
"Reward! O, ſervile, ſelfiſh; aſk a hire!"
Raiment and food this body does require;

A prince for nothing may philoſophiſe,
But faith! I can't afford to be ſo wiſe.
Sometimes the STOA's gloomy walks I try'd,
Wrinkled my forehead, and enlarg'd my ſtride,
Deſpis'd ev'n hunger, poverty, and pain,
Searching my pockets for a cruſt in vain.
Sometimes in ACADEMUS' verdant ſhade
With ſtep more graceful I exulting ſtray'd,
Saw health and fortune join'd with happineſs,
And virtue ſmiling in her ſocial dreſs;
On me ſhe did not ſmile, but rather lour;
I ſtill was wretched, for I ſtill was poor.
Sworn to no maſter, ſometimes I would dwell
With SHAFTESBURY, ſometimes with MANDEVILLE;
Would call at ev'ry ſyſtem on my way,
And now with LEIBNITZ, now with MANES ſtay;
But after all my ſhiftings here and there,
My hat was greaſy, and my coat was bare.
Then I beheld my labour paſt; and lo?
It all was vanity, and all was woe;
I look'd on Learning, and her garb was mean,
Her eyes were hollow, and her cheeks were lean;
Diſeaſe and Famine threaten'd in her train,
And Want, who ſtrives to hide her rags in vain;
Her lurid brow a ſprig of laurel brac'd,
On which was mark'd, "UNPENSION'D and UNPLAC'D."

A scholar -

* The Wanderer; an Elegiac fragment.

~~[illegible]~~

I turn'd to Ignorance; and lo! ſhe ſat
Enthron'd beneath a canopy of ſtate;
Before her Riches all his bags unty'd,
And ever and anon her wants ſupply'd,
While on a ſmiling plenitude of face,
Was clearly read, "A PENSION and A PLACE."

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The world was all before me where to chuſe,
I ſcorn'd the ſhelter of a vulgar houſe,
So well aſſur'd (aſſur'd I was) each door
Was open to receive the learn'd and poor;
But none (alas! I felt it, for I try'd;)
My learning valu'd, or my wants ſupply'd;
Here ſtar'd grim Poverty, pale Famine there,
When Love and MIRA ſav'd me from deſpair,
Chas'd the lean phantoms from my frighted mind,
While all was ~~love~~ Joy and gratitude behind,
Extinguiſh'd Hope rekindled in my breaſt,
And maudlin Reaſon rav'd at Fancy's feaſt;
Ages before it dwindled to a day,
And bliſs's barriers felt a ſwift decay;
Whatever's dear and valuable in life,
The liſping infant, and the loving wife,
Were all contracted to a moment's ſpace,
And ev'ry one, that precious moment, was:

To

To perfect happineſs, ideal, grew,
And vague futurity was chang'd to *now*:
Then ſaid I, in the fulneſs of my ſoul,
" No grief ſhall ſway me, nor diſtreſs controul,
" Here, will my ſorrows find eternal pauſe;
" Here, am I free from fortune and her laws;
" A ſource of joy within myſelf I find,
" And ſurely fortune cannot rob the mind;
" This bliſs ſhall comfort me when all is gone,
" So intellectual, ſo all my own."

O, loſt to wiſdom! to experience loſt!
Fortune ſways all, but ſways the paſſions moſt;
On foreign dainties live the beggar train,
The mean dependants of a mobile ſcene;
Now triumphs *this*, now *that* again prevails,
As fortune ſwells, or does not ſwell, our ſails;
And who would make them ſubject to the mind,
May fetter torrents, or may rein the wind.

" WHAT!" cries ſome ſtoic of the awful brow,
Who dreams he conquers, when he never knew—
" Are not the paſſions ſervants to my will?
" This, I may ſpare, and that, I too may kill;
" May raiſe the feeble, and may curb the ſtrong."
No doubt! and charm the deaf man with a ſong.

Vain,

Vain, fooliſh ſage! (a ſage can have no gall;)
Vaunt not your vict'ries, apathy does all;
Born without feeling, never did you feel;
Great the phyſician, who the whole can heal!
* * * * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * * * *

For me, I aſk no philoſophic face,
Content to be the various thing I was;
To be in each extreme, and each exceſs,
Sometimes of miſery, ſometimes of bliſs:
Now calmneſs all, now altogether toſt,
Now ſhelter'd from, now driven by the blaſt;
Now in poſſeſſion of my Mira's charms,
Now rudely raviſh'd from her longing arms.
Such I have been, but ſuch no more will be;
At length ſafe landed from the raging ſea,
My days in one unbroken tenor flow,
Each the true picture of the other's woe;
No room for hope, no remedy for care,
All, all is ſwallow'd up in deep deſpair!
Yet not from me the mighty change did ſpring,
I neither impt nor cropt his eagle wing;
'Twas fortune firſt gave hope his daring flight,
Then brought him headlong from the giddy height;

Bade ſky-blue hills around the maid aſcend,
And pride's ſtrong bulwarks ev'ry where defend.
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O, HEAV'NLY Goddeſs! not that wanton dame,
Who blindly ſcatters beauty, wealth, and fame;
But *thou*, (whoe'er thou art), whoſe eye ſurveys,
And human actions yet in embryo weighs,
Whoſe boundleſs wiſdom ſtill the beſt intends,
By fitteſt means effecting fitteſt ends;
Level each rock-built barrier, and remove
Whatever mars the ſucceſs of my love;
But if thou ſeeſt it good to vex me ſtill,
O, grant ſubmiſſion to thy holy will!
To human weakneſs human crimes tranſlate,
And nature from rebellion ſeparate;
So ſhall my hopes freſh vigour yet attain,
Riſe to new heights, and never ſink again.

RONA:

AN

ELEGIAC BALLAD.

"THE noiſe of war is on the breeze,
"And can HIDALLAN ſtay?
"My ſoul is in the ſtrife of ſhields—"
He ſpoke, and burſt away.

O! where ſhall MORNA's maid repoſe,
'Till heroes have their fame?
On MORNA's ſilent hill of hinds,
Or by its ruſhy ſtream?

But what if in the hour of blood
The lovely hero fall?
While ſome dark warrior hangs his ſhield
A trophy in his hall!

Leave, Slumber! leave the eye of tears,
Forſake my limbs, Repoſe!
Lean, love-lorn maidens! from your clouds,
And aid me with your woes.

Fair was HIDALLAN, as the flow'r
That dyes the duſky heath;
But raiſe not, bards! the mournful ſong
Around his ſtone of death.

How fell the hero? In his might,
Amid his growing fame!
Not feeble was HIDALLAN's foe,
His ſword a meteor's flame.

No more ſhall MORNA's hall rejoice,
The feaſt of ſhells be ſpread;
The ſigh of RONA's ſecret ſoul,
In Death's dark houſe is laid.

Lour not on RONA from your cloud,
The rolling of your reſt!
Not weak, HIDALLAN! was my ſire,
No fear diſturb'd his breaſt.

In aged CAIRBAR's lonely hall,
The ſtrife of heroes roſe;
His was RIVINE's ſtolen glance,
And many were his foes.

In ſtrength he graſp'd his ſword of fire,
The ſtouteſt ſtarted back:
Not weak, HIDALLAN! was my ſire,
Nor is his daughter weak.

Ah! whether rolls thy airy hall?
The ſky its blue reſumes;
Her father's ſword prepares the cloud,
On which thy RONA comes.

To DAMON.

WHILE ſome, in all the luxury of health,
The pride of pleaſure, and the pomp of wealth,
Inglorious, rous'd at paſſion's frantic call,
Soak o'er the bowl, or madden at the ball,
Triumph illiberal o'er the ſimple maid,
By love, or promiſe, to their arms betray'd;
Some painted trifle with anxiety chaſe,
Or wallow fulſome in the lewd embrace,
By foul debauch and worthleſs feats ſecure,
Remorſe vindictive in the ſober hour.
The grave aſſociate of the good and ſage,
Or nerv'd with youth, or ſilver'd o'er with age;
Thro' giddy life you urge your ſteady way,
While conſcience cheers the night and glads the day;
In vain aſſail the vanities of youth,
You mark their progreſs, and you check their growth,
From learning all its formal pride remove,
Guard cheating friendſhip, fetter ſtubborn love.

O!

With glooms impervious curtain heavens eyes.

O! could I thus th' impetuous paſſions cruſh,
Stifle the ſigh, and curb the ſecret wiſh;
By reaſon's ſway this love of ſelf controul,
This blaze of youth, and impotence of ſoul;
Repreſs the frothy inſolence of fame,
The ſigh that heaves for an immortal name;
I would not reſtleſs, midnight vigils keep,
Nor from my pillow drive incroaching ſleep;
To the tenth ſtanza elegies prolong,
Nor clothe my woe in all the pomp of ſong;
With joyleſs ſtep an airy prize purſue,
Which mocks my graſp, yet glitters in my view;
Admire a virgin whom I ſee no more,
Hills riſe between us, and deep waters roar,
And worſe than ſtreams and mountains ſtill divide,
The daughter's piety, and the father's pride.

SONG.

SONG.

SYLVIA! ſee yon wanton turtles,
Ever billing, ever gay,
Perch'd on VENUS' verdant myrtles,
Ev'ry month the month of May!
All the day,
Love and play;
O how happy, happy they!

Mark the bliſs of ev'ry creature,
The delights of ev'ry grove;
All, one jubilee of nature,
All, one gen'ral feaſt of love!
All the day,
Love and play;
O how happy, happy they!

Mark the ſhepherd in yon alley,
On his miſtreſs' lap reclin'd;
Lambkins, ſtraying on the valley,
Never, never touch his mind!
All the day,
Love and play;
O how happy, happy they!

Glowing

Glowing kiſſes, am'rous glances,
Noiſy ſcuffles, ſeeming jars,
Frolics, roundelays, and dances,
Warm embraces, wanton wars!
All the day,
Love and play;
O how happy, happy they!

Can you, SYLVIA! ſtill refuſe me?
Cruel, ſtill refuſe your charms?
"DAMON! (ſaid ſhe), do not teaze me:"
Sinking gently in his arms.
All the day,
Love and play;
O how happy, happy they!

ON ENVY.

To DAMON.

YOU'RE right, my friend:—I'll aſk no longer,
Whence our ſorrow, whence our woe?
'Tis Envy: yes, you do not wrong her,
All our ills from Envy flow.

Young ladies, at the playhouſe ſhining,
Seem the happieſt beings there,
But yet, at home, they ſit repining
At one fairer, or as fair.

The hall when powder'd chaplains viſit,
Ruffles ſtreaming at their breaſt,
Each ſhabby ſtudent, ſighing, ſees it,
And concludes the puppies bleſt.

But mark them in the nurs'ry moping;
Preſentations fire their brain;
The hale incumbent's long a-dropping;
Waiting-women ſoothe in vain.

The

The modeſt bard, whoſe num'rous numbers,
Draw'rs and trunks from critics ſcreen;
What can break his midnight ſlumbers?
Writers in the Magazine.

Why, let him be the man he envies,
Weekly ſpread his oily odes;
Yea, let no critic ſtrictly canvaſs,
Zephyrs, meads, or groves, or gods.

Say, ſleeps he ſound? or needs he poppy?
Something does his brow engloom;
He ſtill is wretch'd,—and who is happy?
BEATTIE, OGILVIE, or HOME.

Away, ye whining ſelf-tormentors!
Come, ye ſons of meek Content!
Whoſe boſoms Envy never enters,
Clown, philoſopher, or ſaint:

And lead me to her hermit dwelling,
Lonely, ſure, the matron dwells;
Far from peeviſh, raving, railing,
Poets, ſtudents, beaux, or belles.

From

From the happy number daſh me;
Friend! you find I'm envious too;
What!—not believe I'm envious!—bleſs me!
Don't you ſee I envy you?

SONG.

ALL by a ſtream impetuous,
A ſtudent lay reclin'd;
Before him lay PICTETUS,
And LIMBORCH lay behind.

Full many a deep, dark ſyſtem,
Perplex'd his weary brain;
In vain the zephyrs kiſs'd him,
And linnets ſooth'd in vain.

Though on the blue-green billow
Each lovely Naiad ſtood,
Their temples crown'd with willow;
Fair daughters of the flood!

Though Cupid was their pander,
And flush'd each naked charm,
And bade gay graces wander,
And wanton fancies warm;

Yet, lost were all their beauties,
And lost was Cupid's art;
VANGROODT *de vi virtutis*,
Secur'd the student's heart.

" 'Tis wrong; the ancient fathers
" Disprove what VANGROODT says,
" For Virtue's sprig soon withers,
" Not grafted upon grace."

Then rose the rage of Cupid,
Right surly was his brow;
" The fellow's mad or stupid,
" Or something worse I trow.

" What! on a couch of daisies,
" Yet scorn my pleasant lore;
" I will—for desp'rate cases
" Require a desp'rate cure."

He ſpoke; and from his quiver,
Among a thouſand, choſe
A dart he uſes never,
But when his anger glows.

The ſame, whoſe fervid poiſon
Sent BERNARD to the pool;
Ah, ſimple ſaint! the ocean
Love's fervour cannot cool!

With this he pierc'd the ſtudent,
All muſing as he lay;
He ſtarted up, imprudent,
And leapt a cock of hay.

In hopes of future kiſſing,
A maid was lying there:
The am'rous youth was preſſing,
Complying was the fair.

The end of this adventure
Aſſemblies never knew;
Tho' many a grave diſſenter
Abroad the ſcandal blew.

Away,

Away, ye pale-fac'd fellows!
I wot ye would have done
Far worſe to fill your bellies,
Or pocket half-a-crown.

Tho' ſlim as *he* of SAMOS,
The fault I can forgive;
And if their pleaſures damn us,
Alas, we e'er did live!

SONG.

A GIRL that is ſenſible, lovely, and rich,
Might ev'n claim a poor poet's reſpect;
But the ugly, the ignorant, pennyleſs b—h,
He at leaſt may deſpiſe and neglect.

What tho' at the table his linens be foul,
And his hair briſtle up like a bruſh;
In his rat-peopled room he's a reſolute ſoul,
And values no miſsling a ruſh.

What tho' he ſhould be but an aſs at a bow,
And what tho' he bow not at all;
Full many, I wot, that can bow them full low,
Are neither ſo wiſe nor ſo tall.

Some pert little monkey may laugh at his looks,
And may ſneer at the length of his face;
But I'll lay you the odds, would he leave but his books,
She would laugh at her lover in lace.

The ſober grave matron, that peeps o'er her ſpects,
And is ſhock'd at the duſt on his ſhoes;
Would ſhe caſt but an eye on her own yellow cheeks,
Never more would ſhe do as ſhe does.

Fy, for ſhame, Mrs. HARRIDAN! how can you talk
Of a manner ſo fine, ſo genteel!
Who the deuce would not duſt all his ſhoes in a walk,
To avoid the damn'd clack of a mill!

A truce with your merriment, gentlefolks all!
That ſilly-like lad that you ſee,
Has oft rais'd a laugh in an handſomer hall,
O'er a cup of far better than tea.

Tho' his phiz be ſo formal, ſo mute be his tongue,
He can ſpeak, and, nay more, he can ſmile;
As wiſe as your wiſeſt has hung on his ſong,
And a fairer embrac'd him the while.

Shorten not your dear noſes, my ladies! in ſcorn,
He has kiſs'd lips as ruddy as yours;
Yes, tho' they were freſh as the midſummer morn,
And array'd in the glory of flow'rs.

"Some juicy young milk-maid, the pride of the fold,
"The toaſt of ſome ale-drinking ring:"
Nay, ſtop till you hear all her merits be told;
She could curt'ſy, could dance, and could ſing.

Forgive me, my MIRA! yes, you can forgive,
Tho' I praiſe you for what you deſpiſe;
The ſoft graces that breathe in your boſom, and live,
They have not, and how can they prize?

Was is not for my MIRA, the rigour of fate
Would ſoon bow me down to the grave;
ALEXIS is loſt, if his MIRA forget,
He is loſt, for ſhe only can ſave.

To Miss ***** ********.

DEAR, lovely Sylvia! faireſt of the fair;
Pride of my muſe, and object of my care!
Propitious hear; nor, blooming maid! complain,
To find unequal to your praiſe my ſtrain.
With eaſe I paint the mazy prattling rill,
The woods and tow'rs that crown the craggy hill;
The various bloſſoms that adorn the ſpring;
But Sylvia's charms what raptur'd youth can ſing?
What ſtraining bard exalt his daring aim,
In juſt proportion to his lovely theme?
Your beauties crowd—which firſt ſhall grace my ſong,
Your bluſhing cheeks, or pretty liſping tongue?
Thoſe bluſhing cheeks where modeſt charms gambol;
That liſping tongue, which ſteals the raviſh'd ſoul;
Your brow ſmooth-poliſh'd, or your boſom fair,
Or flowing treſſes of your ſilver hair?
Your ſhapely leg, or ſtill more ſhapely thigh,
Or the mild radiance of your luſt'rous eye?
Shall I ranſack the grave for blooming maids?
For glowing virgins ſearch th' Elyſian ſhades?

Rouſe

Rouſe from dark night the bright Laconian dame;
Or the chaſte object of Apollo's flame?
Can Spartan HELEN, DAPHNE, bluſhing fair!
With thee in charms or modeſty compare?
No; let them reſt conceal'd from mortal view,
In all but fame inferior to you;—
Nor long in that, if flowing numbers ſave
From blue oblivion, and the duſky grave;
If wit and worth diſtinguiſh'd honours claim,
And heav'nly ſhape entitle maids to fame.
Shall I bring down from ATLAS' ſhady height,
Where bleſt immortals wanton in delight,
Where nectar circles as the Thund'rer nods;
The happy fair that charm the happy gods?
Expoſe to fight the ruddy Cyprian queen,
With Graces dancing on th' enamel'd green?
Bid chaſte DIANA ſtalk, with maiden pride,
Athwart the lawn, with quiver by her ſide;
Her virgin treſſes floating looſe behind,
Kiſs'd by each gale, and rais'd by ev'ry wind?
Bid all that's grave, majeſtic, noble, wiſe,
Beam forth effulgent from MINERVA's eyes?
Stamp female grandeur on Queen JUNO's brow?
On HEBE's cheek diſplay the roſe's hue?
Vain were the care—for not the Queen of love,
Or ſiſter-wife of all-controuling JOVE;

Or ſhe that ſtately ſcours the graſſy plain,
And counts her days by ſpotted lynxes ſlain;
Or ſhe that pours (when gods expand their ſoul)
The ſparkling nectar from the copious bowl;
Or ſhe that dares paternal thunder wield,
And urge the chariot thro' the martial field;
Or equal worth, or equal beauty, ſhare
With thee, all-lovely, all-accompliſh'd fair!

But why in vain produce my tortur'd rhime,
Abuſe your patience, and conſume your time?
One ſingle verſe will better paint your charms,
You, only you, are worthy Damon's arms.

STANZAS

To Miss **** ****.

EASY to learn the flatt'rer's artful tale,
Learn the ſoft phraſe that ſoothes the ſimple ear;
Of all its beauties ſtrip the flow'ry vale,
In honour of the maid we hold moſt dear:
Suns might with eaſe be liken'd to your eyes,
And either breaſt a marble pillar riſe.

But

- Eleven -

But would my MIRA liſten to the lay,
Read, bluſhleſs read, what others might admire;
Own the weak folly, waſh its faults away,
Warm'd with the wildneſs of a lover's fire;
No, rather would you ſcorn the varniſh'd tale,
" Equal to moſt, you want not to excel."

S O N G.

WHAT ſoftneſs of numbers, what ſweetneſs of ſong,
What thoughts, that are handſome and pretty,
Can juſtly deſcribe all that's lovely, and young,
And all that tranſports me in BETTY.

The leaſt of her beauties what figure can fit;
What compare with her ringlets ſo jetty!
What then can be ſaid of the goodneſs, the wit,
Of the graces and virtues of BETTY?

I look'd on the virgin, and wander'd no more
Thro' the delicate dames of the city;
Becauſe all I ſought for, and valu'd before,
Was entire and complete in my BETTY.

If

If ever I ſerv'd you in pureneſs of heart,
Ye ſupreme and ſubordinate deities!
Health, pleaſure, and peace, to the maid ſtill impart;
For my life is bound up in my BETTY's.

VERSES

To MISS *** ****.

POETIC art, with mimic tints, may trace
Each brighter beauty blooming on thy face;
Give to the dazzling verſe, or glowing lay,
Graces that warm us with a fainter ray.
Yet, what preſumptuous imitative art
May trace one beauty breathing in thy heart;
Awake theſe graces, that, in modeſt guiſe,
Charm ev'n unknown, and raviſh by ſurpriſe,
Give all their ſweetneſs, all their tender eaſe,
In equal numbers equal pow'r to pleaſe?
Boldly they dare deſcription's ſofteſt lay,
Borne on the wings of wonder far away;
O'er all the bounds that mark the Muſes' reign,
Nouriſh their rapture, or inſpire their ſtrain.

SONG.

S O N G.

THE tongue of the witty, the eyes of the fair,
And the pride of high damſels may plague you;
Nor pert, nor affected, nor prudiſh her air,
But modeſt and free is my PEGGY.

Refin'd ſenſibility brightens her looks,
Smiles dwell on each delicate feature;
Her language is plain, not the language of books,
But the language of truth and good-nature.

Ye frowning pretenders to virtue ſevere,
Ye ſubduers of paſſions that drag you;
Away with your rigour, ye never need fear
To love and to feel like my PEGGY.

When flow'rs ſpring apace in the late-looſen'd field,
And the fragrance of meadows invite us;
Why cenſure the favours my PEGGY may yield,
Since hallow'd the ties that unite us?

Envy

Envy may lurk in our woodland retreat,
And malice may blacken conjecture;
But nothing our raptures, our bliſs ſhall abate,
For innocence is our protector.

O THOU! by whoſe bounty and goodneſs we live,
By your goodneſs and bounty I beg you,
Health, ſtrength, independence, and honeſty give;
And make me a match for my PEGGY.

To MISS ———.

YOU'RE right, my dear!—much more, I ween,
Of ſweet content I've often ſeen,
In honeſt taylor TOM'S;
Much more, I ſwear, than e'er I ſaw
'Mongſt lords of *land*, or lords of *law*,
In all their lordly domes.

But ſay, my dear! ſay, couldſt thou dwell,
Some poor man's wife in ſome poor cell,
With little to endear it!
But love and peace, and bleſs your lot,
And ſing, and cheer his little cot?
I fear, I fear, I fear it!

But if thou wouldeſt ſhare my fate,
In this, or any meaner ſtate,
I ne'er ſo mean a body;
As I'm in love, believe my word,
If ever I ſhould be my Lord,
Thou, thou ſhould'ſt be my Lady.

But, pugh! to ſweet content and thee,
Pray, what is Lordſhip unto me?
What's Majeſty itſelf?
Crowns, ſceptres, titles, I deſpiſe,
And riches, in my reaſon's eyes,
Appear but prid'ning pelf.

That theſe could ne'er ſupply the want
Of love, and peace, and ſweet content,
The annals of all nations
Declare; and we have ſeldom ſeen
Content with wealth and pow'r combine,
To bleſs ſuperior ſtations.

Health, competence, with thee, my dear!
A cot like Tom's—*brochan*—and beer
Like his, full briſk and nappy;
Brew'd by himſelf and wife, they ſay,
To treat their friends on New-year's day;
Would make me too too happy!

THE MORTIFIED GENIUS.

WHAT now avails, to gain a woman's heart,
The ſage's wiſdom, or the poet's art!
Pox on the times! the genius of old
Would whip you off a girl in ſpite of gold;
In ſpite of liv'ries, equipage, and lace,
And all the Gothic grandeur of a race.
But now the mill'ner's 'prentice, with a ſneer,
Bleſſing herſelf, cries, Heav'ns! what have we here?
A man of rhime, worth—fifty lines a-year.

OUR wit ſtill pleaſes; but 'tis dev'liſh hard,
What ſaves the elegy ſhould damn the bard;
That gains acceſs to dreſſing, drawing-rooms,
A wiſh'd-for, welcome gueſt where'er it comes;
But *me*, the luckleſs author, ſcorn'd and poor,
Each ſurly porter drives from ev'ry door.

CONSCIOUS of ſecret worth, I hurry home,
And now the maſter damn, and now the dome;
Firmly reſolv'd, whatever ſhall betide,
No more to aſk what has been once deny'd:

Reſolv'd

– awaie

The bard of old who sung to Britain's isle
Received his best reward in beauty's smile,

– soft eyed virgin –

– surely –

Reſolv'd, indeed! but ev'ry pow'r above
Laughs at our weak reſolves, and chiefly Love.
" Bruſh the brown hat, and darn the breeches knee;
" The wealthy, pride may ſuit, but ſuits not thee:
" Papa, I own, look'd mighty ſour and grim;
" But if the daughter ſmile, a fig for him!
" Mark'd you the ſecret motions of her eye?
" How kind yon glance had been, had none been by!
" Yon proud reſerve, yon ſhyneſs, I could ſwear,
" Is prudence all, and pure pretence with her:
" 'Tis right—old fellows that can thouſands give,
" May claim, at leaſt, ſome rev'rence while they live;
" A few, few years lays Fuscus in his grave,
" And Mira's yours, perhaps, and all he gave!"

Intent on future harm, thus ſaid the god
Who bends the ſtubborn purpoſe with a nod;
Conſtrains the ſtiffeſt gladly to obey,
Makes the gay gloomy, and the gloomy gay.
Reſiſt who will, too well I knew his pow'r,
In vain reſiſted, to reſiſt it more!
My hands inſtinctive, at the forceful call,
At once ſeize gloves, and hat, and ſtaff, and all;
Then forth I walk, and ever, as I go,
Con o'er my manners, and practiſe a bow;

Spread, careful ſpread, the cravat on my breaſt,
As prim and formal as a pariſh prieſt.

The knocker clacks.—"Who's there?"—"Is Miſs
"within?"
"Confound the booby, what a monſtrous din!
"She has no time, ſhe ſays, to ſpeak with you;
"For Mr. Florimel came here juſt now."
My heart beat thick, and ev'ry word he ſaid
Diſtain'd my hollow cheeks with foreign red;
O, brutiſh times! and is that thing of ſilk,
That ſapleſs ſipper of an aſs's milk;
That tea-nurs'd grinner, whoſe conſumptive cough,
Should he but mint a laugh, would take him off;
Prefer'd to me! in whoſe athletic graſp
Ten thouſand buzzing beaux were but a waſp.
Sure wit and learning greater honour claim;
No wit, no learning, ever ſmil'd on him:
I'll lay my Lexicon, for all his airs,
That fellow cannot read the arms he bears;
Nor, kneeling, Mira! on his trembling knee,
Explain one half of all he ſays to thee.
"No matter, he has gold; whoſe precious hue
"Is beauty, virtue, wit, and learning too:
"O, blind to worth! what lovelier than a chaiſe,
"Two bowing footmen, and a pair of bays?

"What

suffused –

– Charlotte –

— twenty (or so) pounds —

— kind heaven! —

— baby —

— heaven —

" What virtue like an handſome country-ſeat,
" A good *per annum*, and a courſe of plate?
" And then for wit—a clever library;
" He cannot read a book; but he can buy:
" A fig for learning! Learning does he lack,
" Whoſe factor both can write and ſign—a tack?
" Beſides, you know, for ten or leſs *per ann.*
" Ev'n you, or any ſcholar, is his man."

Bear me, ye gods! O, bear me where you pleaſe!
To unknown regions, over unknown ſeas;
Place me where dews refreſhing never drop,
On Niger's banks, a ſwarthy Æthiop;
Or melt me to the faſhionable ſize,
Below the ſcorching heat of Indian ſkies:
No;—there, ev'n there, the luſt of gold prevails,
Each river groans with ſhips, each breeze with ſails;
The land abounds, nay ocean's fartheſt creeks,
With dirt that's ſought for, or with dirt that ſeeks.
Fix me an icen ſtatue at the poſe,
Where winds can't carry, and where waves can't roll;
To man, to greedy man, your bard prefers,
White foxes, ſables, ermines, cats, and bears,
And all the furry monſters Greenland can call hers.

Or is the boon too great for gods to give?
Recal the mighty word that bade me live;

So, in the duſt forever ſhall I ſhun
That worſt of evils that affronts the ſun,
A fool whoſe crimes, or father's, have made great,
Spurning true genius proſtrate at his feet.

ANACREON, ODE II. IMITATED.

To BAVIUS.

KIND indulgent Nature gives
Her favours to each thing that lives;
Her hand impartial envies none,
Each ſon of her's an only ſon.
"Her gifts are various."—True, indeed;
But various is each creature's need:
Pride and tatters, ſcholars claim;
Blockheads, family and fame;
City coxcombs, impudence;
Plodding peaſants, common ſenſe;
Stateſmen, promiſes and lies;
Sages, cockle ſhells and flies;
Parſons, gravity of face,
And avarice, that ſaving grace;

Wits,

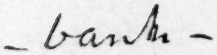
Wits, and bucks, and bloods, and ſmarts,
Rags, and oaths, and ruffled ſhirts;
And all Apollo's flying fellows,
Laurel crowns and empty bellies.
In ſhort, what mortal does not ſhare
Of nature's fond maternal care?
Ev'n, Bavius, you, whom hardly we
Admit her offspring, hardly ſhe;
(No wonder, *certes*, for you were
Beholden more to Chance than her):
Yet from the tender matron got
Want of ear and ſtrength of throat,
Staring, ſilly ignorance,
Nor common, nor uncommon ſenſe.

Go on, induſtrious chief! go on;
Firſt merit, and then wear the crown!
Another ſtab for ay ſecures
The ſpoils of murder'd muſes yours.

To

To M*** W****, Esq;

UNTIMELY death too oft attends the brave;
"The path of glory leads unto the grave."
Too oft, when war's alarming din is o'er,
Want waits the hero on his natal shore;
And what's more dreadful to a gen'rous mind,
Scorn, from the baseſt, meaneſt of mankind:
But kinder fates, (and kinder fates are due,)
O, ever-honour'd W****! diſtinguiſh you;
The laurels reap'd by GANGES' ſacred flow,
In all their verdure ſtill adorn your brow;
Reſpect and Plenty former labours crown,
And Envy mutters,—They are fairly won.



AN ELEGIAC BALLAD.

THE ſun was haſt'ning to the main;
His beamy radiance play'd
Upon the mountain's edge; the plain
Confeſs'd a deeper ſhade.

The chaunt of birds, from vocal groves,
Harmonious ſwell'd the breeze;
The ſhepherds ſung their rural loves,
And all around was peace.

When on a mound, where purple flow'rs
With bluſhing luſtre ſhone;
Diſſolv'd in woe, thus SYLVIA pours
In air her plaintive moan.

" Once, downy-wing'd, the moments ſtole
" Away, with heedleſs flight;
" And ſuns would warm the weſtern goal,
" Before I dream'd of night.

" To

" To range the mountain's bloomy ſide,
" And mark where daiſies grew,
" Or cull with art the meadow's pride,
" Was all the care I knew.

" Or if another ſhar'd my breaſt,
" It was by DAMON led,
" To ſearch at eve the linnet's neſt,
" And ſee the bow'rs he made.

" But, ſad reverſe! I now forlorn
" Weep out the live-long day;
" See joyleſs gleam the ruddy morn,
" Joyleſs the ev'ning ray.

" No op'ning bloſſoms braid my hair,
" Or on my boſom ſhine;
" No DAMON deigns the name of fair,
" Preſſing his lips to mine.

" For, ah! by cruel guiles miſled,
" In guardleſs hour I fell;
" The joys of love and youth are fled,
" With innocence to dwell.

" No

" No beam of hope illumes my ſoul,
" No ray of future bliſs;
" But ev'ry ſun muſt cheerleſs roll,
" In ſorrow black as this.

" DAMON! a maid whoſe beauties bloom
" Unſullied by a crime,
" Shall wipe your tears for SYLVIA's doom;
" And tears her fate may claim!

" Yet, lovely youth! when in the grave,
" Where ſoon I'll ſeek for reſt,
" O, bid the mournful cypreſs wave,
" To ſhade my clay-cold breaſt!

" And, mindful of our young amours,
" Come each revolving year,
" And ſtrow my ſylvan tomb with flow'rs,
" Nor check the pitying tear."

To A*** H****, Esq;

On his MARRIAGE with Miss D****.

I YIELD, I yield, 'twere madness to contend,
When most admire you, and when all commend!
I yield, and own, whatever sages write,
A multitude for once have judged right.

THE seeds of genius Nature did supply,
Their growth was guided by a parent's eye;
Nice to discern, and studious to improve,
Each modest wish he rais'd to gen'ral love;
To virtue pointed each luxuriant spray,
Nor coldly shew'd, but ardent led the way.
The sire, the son, the world with wonder view,
And all the father was foreseen in you:
Foreseen, that generous expanse of soul,
That warm benevolence, which grasps the whole;
O'erlooks distinctions of belief, or race,
And closes systems in its wide embrace:
Foreseen, that nameless virtue, little known,
Which hears another's praise, nor seeks it's own;

Confirms

Confirms th' applauſes grateful hearts beſtow,
Grieves at no joy, nor joys at any woe:
Foreſeen, in embryo, all that ever can
Give grace to youth, and dignity to man;
The godlike fruits Religion's garden yields,
When conſcience guides the knife which reaſon wields.
With wonder they foreſaw, and wond'ring ſee,
Each worth (if worth ſo great can greater be)
Improv'd in kind, and heighten'd in degree.

Such virtue, ſpite of trial, ſtill unquell'd,
Benignant Heav'n with gracious eye beheld;
" Shall he at once our happy manſions tread,
" From life's low cares and fleſh's fetters freed?
" Or rather, with ſome kindred ſpirit know
" All that can be conceiv'd of heav'n below?
" 'Tis fix'd; (and who ſhall queſtion heav'n's award?)
" Be Miſs D—— his divine reward."

Sure virtue ſomehow mixes with the blood,
Runs in a line, and marks whole kindreds good;
Elſe, whence is none among your num'rous friends
But to his anceſtors new luſtre lends?
Elſe, whence were you and your accompliſh'd bride
At once by virtue and by blood ally'd?

May ev'ry bleſſing, each domeſtic ſweet,
Concur to crown an union ſo complete;
May ev'ry moment, as it paſſes by,
Diſcloſe new raptures to the ardent eye;
May years revolving ever find you bleſt,
Your proſpects blooming, and your joys increas'd;
Till bounteous heav'n exhauſt its ample ſtore,
And mortal weakneſs can receive no more.

Forgive the freedom of a bard unknown,
Nor check his mounting ſpirits with a frown;
Fain would he faſhion his untutor'd lays,
To honour virtue with deſerved praiſe:
But fruitleſs prove all efforts to arouſe
The lifeleſs languor of a mourning muſe;
His genius ſcanty, and but ſmall his ſkill,
The laſt in merit, not the laſt in will.

-but the first-

A SIMILE.

AS ſome fair flow'ret on a lonely vale,
Grows ſafely, ſhaded from each rougher gale;
No vagrant bee is on it's boſom found;
Enamour'd fairies haunt the hallow'd ground,
Smelling the breeze that ſpreads it's virgin ſweets around.

So pure, ſo ſweet, ſo lonely, and ſo fair,
MELINDA grows, beneath a parent's care;
I aſk but in her preſence thus to be,
To breathe her air, and all her charms to ſee:
Had angels envy, they would envy me.

STANZAS.

I.

SAY, what is life? A bubble and a dream;
A bulruſh ſhaken by the northern blaſt;
The broken ſurface of a troubled ſtream;
A joyleſs journey in a barren waſte:
(Hope's cheating meteor hangs on the extreme,
Decoys us forward, and miſleads at laſt).
Bleſſed, I ween, the fav'rite happy few,
Who get the eaſieſt and the ſooneſt thro'!

II.

Say, what is virtue?—'Tis a faithful friend;
"A friend that ſticketh cloſer than a brother;"
When life, and time, and vanity ſhall end,
Air, earth and water mix with one another;
Virtue (when thou the mighty ruin ſeeſt)
Shall harmonize thy ſoul, and ſteel thy manly breaſt.

III.

Say, what is death?—An undiſturb'd repoſe;
A plowman's ſlumber, gain'd by daily toil;
The ſugar'd ſettl'ings of a bitter doſe;
A bubbling fountain in a thirſty ſoil.

To

To Martin White of Melton

To M***** W****, Eſq;

FOND the attempt—in meaſure meet to dreſs
The various features of thy various bliſs!
To make thee now the gard'ner's garments wear;
Now follow ſlowly the laborious ſteer;
Now in Heſperian groves tranſported ſtray;
Now to the upland wind thy weary way:
An irkſome taſk; yet taſteleſs were the wight
Who would refuſe it, for ſo fine a ſight;
Around in various perſpective ariſe
Woods, rivers, mountains, cottages, and ſkies.

Her choiceſt gifts to thee POMONA yields,
And INDIAN harveſts whiten o'er thy fields;
Not richer crops by GANGES' ſacred tide
Reap BRAMA's ſons, than grace the banks of CLYDE.

NOR be the labour of the ax forgot,
Nor the leaſt ſhrub that ſhades the charming ſpot;
Trees pil'd on trees defend the happy ſeat,
"It's ſummers ſhadow, and it's winter's heat."

What yet remains to make thee fully bleſt;
To ſtill the cravings of a feeling breaſt?
The lovely conſort, ſocial, and ſerene,
Deep read in books, nor of her reading vain:
Yet not from books is choiceſt knowledge drawn,
Untutor'd thought oft more than learning can;
Nor yet on learning's tow'ring branches grow,
The fitteſt garland for a female brow;
Minerva's arts all other arts excel,
To net with grace, and ply the needle well;
With niceſt care the filmy thread to draw;
Direct the maids, and give the dairy law;
See that clean hands the curdling liquid preſs,
And mould to various forms the churn's increaſe.
Yet ev'n theſe houſewife arts, tho' great, were vain,
Did not good-nature follow in the train;
It follows!—Mark that brow unwreath'd with care;
None but the gentleſt paſſions harbour there:
So kind her look, ſo temper'd with reſerve,
We hope her love, yet wiſh moſt to deſerve;
Ever the ſame, no forms can diſcompoſe,
The chaiſe's rattle, nor the bruſh of clothes;
With the ſame eaſe ſhe welcomes ev'ry gueſt,
But ſtill the worthieſt is receiv'd the beſt.

FORGIVE me, Madam! I confeſs 'tis wrong
To weave thy various worth in idle ſong;
To leſſen graces that I mean to praiſe,
And ſink the merit I attempt to raiſe:
For where's the doughty bard can numbers find,
To paint the faireſt face and ſoundeſt mind?

LUCKLESS the wight, however great her charms,
Who takes a barren miſtreſs to his arms!
Cold are the pleaſures of the nuptial bed,
That never aſk LUCINA's friendly aid;
Tho' fortune ſhould all other gifts beſtow,
Theſe very gifts would but increaſe his woe;
"What, ſhall a ſtranger reap theſe fertile fields?
"An alien gather what my garden yields?
"Some ſhabby couſin, ſcarcely known by name,
"Flaunt in my clothes, and propagate my ſhame!"
But happy he, who in his warm embrace
Claſps the fair mother of a lovely race;—
His joys are ever growing, ever new—
And well I ween that happy man art THOU!

SEE, fondly playful, hanging by her ſide,
The father's darling, and the mother's pride,
Kind-hearted H——, form'd for calmer life
Than the bar's buſtle, or the ſoldier's ſtriſe;

For

For private friendſhips form'd, and virtuous love,
And all the native paſſions of the grove.

See B——, careleſs of her growing charms,
Hug puſſy, purring peaceful in her arms;
Arms that, when ſome important years are run,
Shall bleſs ſome hero, or ſome hero's ſon.

Aside, in ſilent muſe, ſee T—— ſtands,
Doom'd from his birth to viſit foreign lands;
A ſturdy boy, undaunted, void of fear,
Dreading alike a faggot and a ſpear;
Frank as a ſoldier, honeſt as a tar,
Equally fitted for the ſea or war.

What, little M——! can be ſaid of thee?
A ſtranger I to thee, and thou to me!
May H——'s virtues animate thy breaſt,
And then thy father muſt be fully bleſt.

Thus I, enamour'd of my theme, purſue
A taſk my gratitude preſcrib'd—not you:
Should any, too ſevere, deride my ſtrains,
And think you poorly paid for all your pains;
Tell them, (perhaps they'll mind it while they live),
'Twas all a grateful, dying bard could give.

Baby's perhaps revolving years may trace
on each soft feature a more manly one
And then her father's footsteps he shall file
And Milton's power be a hero title.

DAMON:

A POEM.

GRAY twilight had begun her duſky reign,
Veiling the glories of the vernal year;
The meads, the groves, the glades, and glitt'ring lawns,
One dark-brown ſcene of dun diſorder lay:
When from the village, his frequented walk,
Penſive and ſlow, the youthful DAMON ſtray'd,
Along the windings of his native ſtream;
Whoſe drowſy wave, with cloſing willows crown'd,
Flow'd lazy, murm'ring thro' the miſty vale.

His downcaſt viſage, clouded, pale, and wan,
Confeſs'd a boſom pierc'd with pining woe;
The jocund look, the joyous ſmile, were fled,
Fled the rapt eye that ſpoke the ſocial ſoul:
Silence he ſought—and his woe-deafen'd ear,
Long unaccuſtom'd to the melting voice
Of mirth and gay feſtivity, was wont

To

To court the murmur of the falling ſtream,
And liſt attentive to the breeze of eve;
While many a ſigh inſpir'd his penſive breaſt,
And many a murmur mutter'd from his tongue,
And ever and anon the big-round drop,
Unconſcious, trickled from his tearful eye.

ONWARD his ſtep had negligently ſtray'd,
To where the ſtream with deeper murmur flow'd,
Inceſſant ruſhing o'er a pebbly bed.
There the pale gloom, the lonely rolling ſtream,
The awful horrors of the waving wood,
Inſpir'd his ſoul with a congenial dread,
And rous'd the ſecret ſorrows of his mind:
He ſtop'd—he gaz'd—he tore his flowing hair,
He bar'd his boſom to the dewy breeze,
And wildly heaving his diſtemper'd breaſt,
In woful accent breath'd this mournful tale.
'Forlorn, dejected, hapleſs, here I roam!
'No friendly hand to guide my wand'ring ſtep,
'No kindly gleam to light my onward way,
'No feeling heart to ſhare my piercing grief,
'Or ſhed the balm of conſolation mild!
'O, ſilent night! extend thy peaceful gloom;
'Enwrap my muſing melancholy head;

'Shade

'Shade all the horrors of my painful heart,
'And take, O! kindly take, my riſing ſighs.

'PROPITIOUS fortune ſmil'd not on my birth,
'No lineal honours grac'd my lowly name;
'Remote from greatneſs and luxurious eaſe,
'The pomp of grandeur, and the glare of wealth,
'My youth was rear'd in poverty's rude hall,
'And partial nature crown'd my humble lot
'With love alone!—Inſpir'd by SYLVIA's ſmile,
'In jocund peace my lightſome ſpirits flow'd,
'Obſequious dancing to the pleaſing call
'Of laughing hope, tranquillity, and eaſe:
'The hours unclouded fled ſerene away,
'In friendly, ſocial, heart-exulting cheer;
'The blooming, modeſt, roſy-ſmiling look;
'The eaſy, artleſs, unaffected grace
'Of ſpotleſs beauty; the inchanting glance
'Of ſimple virtue, innocence, and love,
'Shone ever radiant from her luſt'rous eye!
'Say then, when proſtrate on the humble earth,
'Was e'er, O, heav'n! my voice imploring rais'd
'To thee for honour, wealth, or gaudy fame?
'From my warm heart did e'er one murmur flow,
'Gainſt the fair form of that unerring law
'Which ſways my being with myſterious rule?

"No:

'No: rather, did not calm contentment lull
'Each riſing wiſh? or if one wiſh eſcap'd,
'Its frail ambition ſought no higher boon,
'Than, ſafely ſhelter'd in my native vale,
'Remote, obſcure, inglorious, and unknown,
'That laſting love might crown my peaceful night,
'And SYLVIA gladden all my days with joy.

'BURST, burſt, my heart!—Regardleſs heav'n, averſe,
'Deſpis'd my humble pray'r!—I ſee! I ſee!
'The roſe that early bloſſom'd on her cheek,
'And op'ning promiſed a future flow'r,
'To ſmile delightful many a ſummer ſun,
'At guilt's fell touch, all withered and wan,
'Droop it's pale head, and fade away forlorn!

'BUT let me not impiety to guilt
'Preſumptuous add, and cauſeleſs charge on heav'n
'The wicked purpoſe and the perverſe deed!
'Why ſhould a worm, with daring breath, preſume
'To blame the courſe of ever-myſtic pow'rs?
'And prideful ſwelling on the feeble plume
'Of reptile reaſon, ſcreen with cobweb veil
'This ſacred truth, that Providence is juſt?
'No; for her pride, that tow'ring ſoar'd aloft,

' From rugged cave rous'd up the ſquallid pow'r
' Yclept MISFORTUNE; ſhe with frigid touch
' Benumb'd its wings, and roll'd it in the duſt!

' BUT why—ah! whither roves licentious thought?
' Still rebel paſſions rule my madding ſoul!
' Still ſtrays my heart, as now irrev'rent I
' Fall a falſe vot'ry at fair virtue's ſhrine!
' Still, ſtill I love!—tho' ever on my ear,
' Obedient breathing from the hallow'd lip
' Of heav'n-deſcended Reaſon, ſweetly low,
' Theſe ſage diſſuaſive accents ſeem to ſay:—
" Go, take a manly courage to your breaſt,
" Nor ſtray ſad ſorrowing by the lonely ſtream;
" See Art and Science ſpread their grateful ſtore,
" And all the muſes all their ſweets diſplay,
" And court you, beck'ning to their tuneful cell:
" Forego the dear delights of early love,
" Unhallow'd by the fair eſteem of virtue;
" And learn that lore divine, the bounteous pow'rs
" Beſtow, to bleſs the fav'rite ſons of earth."

' I COME, ye breathing monitors! I come!
' But, ere I go, permit this tender ſigh,
' This ſwelling tribute of a parting tear:
' The hour will come, when, ſunk in ſilent reſt,

'My heart will ceaſe to beat, my eyes to weep,
'And claim the pious drop I now beſtow.

'I RAVE, I rave! the doleful hour draws nigh!
'Already dire affliction ſaps my frame;
'My vitals languiſh, all my pow'rs decay:
'I'll leave you, SYLVIA! ne'er remember me;
'Forget, when I ly mould'ring in the grave,
'How much I lov'd thee, or how much I mourn'd.
'In rural eaſe and calm retirement bleſs'd,
'Haply ſome wealthier happier youth may 'enjoy,
'In after-time, what fate denies to me:
'But ceaſe the ſigh to heave, the wiſh to breathe,
'Again to wander thro' the guileful rounds
'Of faſhion, folly, vanity, and vice!
'May love, eſteem, fair truth, and ſocial joy,
'Attend you peaceful thro' the vale of life;
'May heav'n benignant ſmile on all your ways,
'And virtue light you blameleſs to your grave!
'Tis there we'll meet:—'Tis there one common fate
'Will mix our bodies in one common duſt!
'I go before!—I waſte—I die apace!
'Farewel, ye wilds! and thou ſequeſter'd ſtream,
'Indulgent witneſs of my woe, farewel!
'And thou, for whom I liv'd, for whom I die,
'SYLVIA! farewel; and all the world, adieu!'

ALEXIS;

+ What do you doubt? 'tis impudence to doubt,
I trust to Saints, & Saints will bear me out.

ALEXIS;

OR,

THE CONSTANT LOVER:

A ~~FRAGMENT~~ Tale.

IS there who ſcorns a conſtant lover? here
I claim his cenſure, and demand his ſneer;
That thing am I, and bold enough to own,
Where once I fix my love I ſtill love on:
Sway'd by no accidents of coy, or kind,
With all my ſtrength, my heart, my ſoul, and mind.

In *anno* ſixty ~~***~~ ſeven (four years ago),
My hat, ods me! was then a very beau;
No ſhears had yet curtail'd it's copious brim,
Nor gray-groat dreſſer ſpoil'd it's welted trim;
My face ſecure (my face it then could hide)
Beneath it's ſhadow ſun and wind defy'd:

My lips no paly ſcurfs, no bliſters knew,
And each plump cheek preſerv'd its native hue.
In ſixty ***, (about this very time,
The meadows and my hat were in their prime),
I ſaw my ~~Mira~~ Betsy firſt, a ſtrapping laſs,
Not quite a beauty, and not quite an aſs;
Her feet, tho' clumſy, and her ancles more,
Silk ſhoes aton'd for, for ſilk ſhoes ſhe wore;
Perhaps above ſome faults might too be ſpy'd,
If aught can be a fault that fringes hide;
The napkin floating, white like morning ſnow,
Made large amends for what was dun below;
And the fair pendants, glitt'ring in her ear,
Conceal'd the dirt, if dirt indeed was there:
If muſic's ſweetneſs flow'd not from her tongue,
Nor Philomela warbled as ſhe ſung;
Yet was, I ween, her voice both ſhrill and loud,
And well could quell a kitchen's ev'ning croud;
The laugher's giggle, and the laugh'd-at's pout,
Struck with the ſound ſublime alike were mute:
Ev'n pots and gridirons, if a word ſhe ſpake,
Felt thrilling tremors to their centre ſhake.
I ſaw, I bluſh'd, and (mark, my hat was new)
To a kind curt'ſy made as kind a bow;
Some diſtant words, then compliments enſu'd;
I wrote divinely, ſhe divinely ſew'd:

Then,

+ Nay scarce an hour but from the Spiders haunt
She wanted something or would feign to want;
(The Spider's haunt — my hall, nor name during
And vulgar Poss was Miras style in song.)

Then, whip, ere either minded where we were,
I grew a lad of parts, and ſhe grew fair.
" I never ſpent ſo pleaſantly an hour;"
And, " Ma'am! I ne'er was proud of praiſe before."
" Sir, was it really you the ſonnet wrote?"
" Such beauty, Ma'am! can raiſe the flatteſt thought."
" A copy, Sir!"—" 'Tis at your ſervice, Ma'am."
" And if you pleaſe, Sir, let it have your name."
Such was our firſt, our ſecret interview,
Such virtue has a welted hat, when new!

THO' dark and gloomy was my lonely hall;
Tho' rotten was the roof, and rent the wall;
Tho' nothing it contain'd of human uſe,
But lank and feeble was each hungry mouſe;
So lank, ſo feeble, they had ſurely died
Had not my books life's ebbing ſtream ſupply'd:
Yet, ever after, morning, eve, and noon,
Its humble floor was ſweep'd with MIRA's gown.
In eaſy lapſe our moments onward roll'd,
She grew more yielding, and I grew more bold;
The cheek, the hand ſubdu'd, but fan my fire,
Still higher feats I meditate, and higher:
The lips capitulate, I ſtorm the breaſt;
But Honour's manly counſel ſav'd the reſt:

Yet what by day he impudence had deem'd,
With fame unblemiſh'd we in darkneſs dream'd.

THINK not, licentious profligates prophane!
I mean to warm you with a wanton ſtrain;
Pure as CLYDE's cryſtal ſhall my numbers flow,
In all the native innocence of woe!
Hail, virgin Goddeſs of the ſtreaming eye!
Who cheer my ſolitude with many a ſigh;
Who ſhed your ſofteſt influence on my head,
And drive foul paſſion from thy cypreſs ſhade;
My friend, my ſole companion, and my queen!
Life of my ſong! which elſe had lifeleſs been;
Hail to your dark domain! your kingdom come,
And wrap all nations in one friendly gloom:
So ſhall rude riot wholly diſappear,
Nor foul-mouth'd folly wound the modeſt ear;
The rake with wonder feel each wiſh refine,
And ev'ry breaſt be innocent as mine.
Yes, it is innocent; dejecting woe
So found it, and I truſt will leave it ſo:
Ev'n MIRA, cruel, faithleſs as ſhe is,
Will do me juſtice, and acknowledge this.
MIRA! that word recals my wand'ring ſong,
And points to days when my old hat was young;

When

+ The term draw nigh, & frugal was the Squire,
I wou'd have said, he would not raise my hire

When all was rapture, and the beardleſs bard
To glitt'ring fops and rev'rend clerks prefer'd.
But nothing under heav'n is conſtant found;
For ceaſeleſs rolls the wheel of fortune round:
Now ſtand we trembling on the top, and now
The low is lofty, and the lofty low!
This uſeful leſſon what I tell will teach,
A truth old hats, as well as PLATO, preach.

O, LUST of wealth! what evils ſpring from thee!
A curſe to all, a double curſe to me;
With heart-felt grief I ſaw my coat decay,
My only coat grew barer ev'ry day;
My breeches too the taylor's art ſurpaſt,
Faſt as he ſew'd, they ran to rags as faſt:
Autumn's bleak rains deſcend—where'er I go,
Water and dirt at once pervade my ſhoe:
A father's fears I for my ſtockings feel,
And hang in ſorrow o'er each helpleſs heel;
Diſtant, far diſtant, from a ſiſter's care,
My ſtockings, now a ſolitary pair!
My hat and veſt, tho' decent, ſtill, I ſaid,
Muſt too decay, as others have decay'd;
Terreſtrial is their birth, and, ſoon or late,
Terreſtrial hats and veſts muſt yield to fate!

Time,

Time, ever hurrying, brings the period on,
When *this* ſhall turn to rags, and *that* be brown.

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Gods! let my poverty for ever laſt;
Each coming day add ſorrow to the paſt:
Let labour bend me o'er his heavy ſpade;
Woe's cup be mine, and mine affliction's bread;
But never riches to my pray'rs impart,
And in your wrath deny a gen'rous heart.

This ſaid, I ſcornful from the ſquire withdrew,
Nor fear'd the ſurly terrors of his brow;
My books I bundled up without delay,
Nor could ev'n Mira's tears command my ſtay:
" Dear, lovely maid! my race of bliſs is run;
" Heav'n bids us part; the will of Heav'n be done:
" Tho' joy ſhall never light my mornings more,
" Nor ſoothe my ſlumbers in the ſilent hour;
" Yet ſhall ſome gleams of comfort touch my mind,
" To think you once were faithful, once were kind.
" Farewel! and, O! may ev'ry pow'r above
" That ſmil'd propitious on our riſing love,

" With

" With ev'ry bleſſing, ev'ry good reward,
" Your gen'rous friendſhip for a friendleſs bard."
I weeping ſaid, and graſp'd her to my breaſt,
While broken ſobs and kiſſes ſpoke the reſt.

" FAREWEL, ALEXIS!—muſt I ſay farewel
" To him I've ever lov'd, and lov'd ſo well!
" Farewel! ſince thus my cruel ſtars ordain;
" Stars ſtill regardleſs of a lover's pain:
" But by the mem'ry of this laſt embrace,
" Our nights of rapture, and our days of bliſs;
" By the immortal fervour of your lays,
" And ev'ry monument of MIRA's praiſe;
" When raviſh'd from theſe arms I know not where,
" Beware, thy weeping MIRA bids beware!
" Of wit's inchantment, and of beauty's ſnare;
" Bethink thee of thy vows of endleſs love,
" Theſe vows now regiſter'd in heav'n above;
" And ere the ſubtle ſyrens lay their lure,
" Prevent its malice, and apply the cure;
" Thus ſhalt thou, after various fortunes paſt,
" Come undebauched to my bed at laſt:
" Thine is my heart, and thine my hand ſhall be,
" My life, my happineſs, depends on thee!"
Such were her words.—Philoſopher ſevere!
Thou hard of credit, and of captious ear!

Say,

Say, would'ſt thou, in the wiſdom of thy youth,
Have ſought a *Sorites* to prove their truth?
If ſo, indeed a very ſage thou art,
And triple adamant environs thy heart;
With praiſes due thy prudence I commend;
But may'ſt thou, ZENO! never be my friend.
For me, with all my weakneſſes content,
Soon as I heard, as ſoon I gave aſſent;
The ſighs and tears that with each word increas'd,
Were demonſtration to a feeling breaſt.

WHAT pity, Heav'n! the morn of all thou'ſt made,
The radiant image of thy ſtarry head;
What pity woman, woman ſo divine!
Should want a will immutable as thine;
Then thro' our groves would plaints of falſehood ceaſe,
And rills, unſwell'd with ſorrow, ſeek the ſeas;
Each gale on lighter pinions ſcour the ſkies,
Nor ſweat beneath a load of groans and ſighs.
Paſſion their counſellor, and whim their guide,
Their friends and fav'rites, vanity and pride;
No wonder women, angels as thy ſeem,
This juſt now fit, unfit next moment deem;
No wonder MIRA, with each grace adorn'd,
A day, one tedious day, my abſence mourn'd;

A day, one tedious day, reſolv'd to keep
Her vows; but loſt them with her morning's ſleep.

SPRUCE from the city came a gaudy wight,
His hat was finer, and his hands more white;
A ſofter tinge each ſickly feature ſpread,
Criſp'd were the hoary honours of his head;
A gilt ſtaff trembled in his feeble hand,
To him a ſtaff, to me it were a wand;
He came, he bow'd; than me he better bow'd;
Nay, bent the knee; and bend it well he could:
She ſmil'd, ſhe curtſy'd; (and, alas, alas!
That I ſhould live to ſing ſo ſad a caſe!)
She granted ev'ry favour in an hour,
That coſt me many months to gain before!

A WOMAN once inconſtant's always ſo;
One bound'ry broke, no other bounds they know:
Thus ſheep, if once they ſcale the turf-built fold,
No whins can ſcare them, and no dikes can hold.

THE coxcomb FLORIO, ſo prim, ſo neat,
Soon ſhar'd his clumſy ragged rival's fate;
Out-bow'd, out-kneel'd, by one of rev'rend garb,
Who ſnapt to ſeize the bait, but ſeiz'd the barb;

Long

Long pin'd in thinner air the fooliſh fiſh,
To gain his ſhelt'ring mud was all his wiſh;
Once more below his ſunleſs bank to lie,
In liſtleſs, lazy, loitering apathy.
In vain! when MIRA ey'd the uſeleſs prey,
Far on the ſhore ſhe flung the thing away.

IRKSOME the taſk, and tedious were the tale,
Words would grow ſcarce, and pen and ink would fail;
Nay, life's ſhort period hardly would ſuffice
To give the ſum of her inconſtancies.
Yet ſtill I love her; do I what I will,
Some magic influence attracts me ſtill;
Attracts me ſtill, and with a force as ſtrong
As when my hat, my welted hat, was young:
Elſe, why theſe ſighs that labour in my breaſt,
That ſeek for vent, and wiſh to be expreſt?
Soon as I reach my ſolitary hall,
Ye ſighs burſt forth! ye teary torrents fall!
There no rude ſwain ſhall mock your tender moan;
Your lovely ſorrow ſuits with love alone.

+ + + + + +

Milton 6th Sept. 1771.

SONNET.

SONNET.

FAREWEL, diſturber of my reſt,
Succeſsleſs Love! adieu;
With hopes, and jealouſies, and fears,
And all your harpy crew.

Farewel, the mournful midnight lay,
The elegy of woe!
And all the diſmal ditties, ſung
By MAIDEN's mazy flow.

Hail, ſober Dulneſs! ever hail,
My only, laſt relief!
Thy ſerious ſons in peace repoſe,
Inſenſible of grief!

No ſtudied harmony of ſound
Their paſſions e'er refin'd;
Nor melting melody of woe
Ere touch'd their callous mind.

Alike to them, when nature's call
Ferments their boiling blood,
Whether BELINDA ſmile or not;
Another is as good.

The various ills of love and life,
The *thinking* only know;
And ſenſibility is join'd
Eternally with woe.

At firſt, the little ills of love
My boſom hardly wrung;
But lo! they gather'd ſtrength, and grew
Important as I ſung.

Thus, under a phyſician's care,
Intent on fame and fees,
The titubation of a pulſe
Increaſes to diſeaſe.

He talks in all the terms of art,
And wags his myſtic head;
While patients tremble for their life,
And think they're really bad.

To Miss ***** ********.

LET other youths diſſolve in am'rous fires,
And breathe in melting lays their ſoft deſires;
With ſongs of wit, and ſonnets void of care,
Gay as their hopes, and as their hearts ſincere;
To ſpotleſs charms unfading trophies raiſe,
Of real love and undiſſembled praiſe:
Be theirs the bleſſings which they pant to prove,
The garland gather'd from the myrtle grove;
The gracious glance of condeſcending maids;
Love long to laſt, and fame that never fades:
For them may Venus light the genial bed,
By hallow'd Hymen honourable made;
And crown th' embrace of many wedded years
With gen'rous ſons, to emulate their fires;
Like them be bleſt with all their wiſhes crave,
A parent's joy, and age's honour'd grave.

FAR other hopes my hapleſs breaſt inſpire;
Far other themes demand the muſe's fire!

With me the dear rewards of love are o'er;
For me the myrtle garlands bloom no more!
Guilt, horrid guilt! with blaſting violence views
Their brighteſt buds, and withers all their boughs!
In cheerleſs darkneſs wraps the vivid ſcene,
Where ſoft affection held her early reign;
And chaſte enjoyment ſhed her conſtant ray,
To light, with radiance mild, my years away!

Oft, as unſeen, I ſeek the ſhady grove,
Scenes of young joy, and haunts of early love;
"The painted meadow, or the purling ſtream,"
Where fancy feeds, and where the muſes dream;
Where laughing loves and naked graces play
In ſportive gambols all the live-long day:
Sudden I ſee your fancy'd form ariſe;
See blooming beauties ſkim before my eyes;
See ev'ry love, and ev'ry charming grace,
Smile in your eye, or languiſh on your face.
I cloſer gaze—when, lo! a mournful train
Of weeping virtues cloud the radiant ſcene!
Nor love, nor blooming beauty ſtraight appears,
But ev'ry look a diſmal horror wears;
Obſcur'd by guilt, the dimpling ſmiles decay,
And all your glowing graces fade away!

Sad,

Sad, then, I ſit me down;—or wand'ring rove
Thro' ev'ry walk, and weep our ruin'd love:
While conſcious bow'rs, and love-frequented ſhades,
Long-winding walks, and intermingled glades,
In fond remembrance op'ning to my view,
Refreſh my ſorrow, and my ſighs renew;
Deep plaintive murmurs periſh on my tongue,
Or flow away in melancholy ſong;
While all around the penſive groves complain,
Sigh ev'ry ſigh, and murmur ev'ry ſtrain!

But, Sylvia, what avails the murm'ring glade?
The ſighing grove, or ſympathizing ſhade?
Their ſeeming ſorrows unſucceſsful prove,
To ſoothe the woes of diſappointed love;
To bid the black-wing'd ſeaſons backward roll,
Clear the foul ſtain, or waſh the guilty ſoul;
To beauty's form fair innocence reſtore,
Huſh the falſe tongue, bid ſlander wound no more:
Your crimes, your follies, riſe in endleſs view,
And my heart ſwells, my tears flow forth for you!

For you!—but why invite you forth to rove
Thro' ſcenes of ſorrow and deſponding love?
Scenes that (for ſo the ruling pow'rs decree)
Muſt ſtill be view'd, and ſtill bewail'd by me!

Enough for you—with ſolitary care
To view your fall, and ſhed a ſecret tear;
Careleſs of what the mourning muſe may ſay,
When wild with ſorrow burſts the love-lorn lay!
Enough for you—whene'er my thoughts I caſt
On all the joys of youth and virtue paſt;
When I reflect (forgive this ſwelling ſigh,
And this big tear juſt trickling from my eye,)
When peaceful innocence and pleaſure play'd,
With gentle love beneath our native ſhade;
And bade our hearts, to quiet or care unknown,
Confeſs their charming influence alone!
Enough for you—to grant the meed I crave,
For me the willow's paly wreath to weave;
And ſoftly bind it on my youthful brow,
Mark of my pain, and merit of my woe!
This ſad indulgence will reward my lays,
Approve my grief, and give me all my praiſe;
So, when your ſorrows ceaſe, for ceaſe they muſt,
And your fair form ſhall moulder into duſt;
May ſome ſad youth, by pity's lore improv'd,
By virtue honour'd, and the muſe belov'd,
Due to your fate, devote the mournful line,
And join your mem'ry as your love to mine.
To mine!—ah, no! withdraw the wiſhful eye,
Check the ſoft tear, and ſtill the riſing ſigh;

Scatter

Scatter the willow wreath you weave for me,
Who, idly raving, pour my plaint to thee!
To thee! who doated on my ſtrains before;
To thee! whoſe eyes ſhall ne'er behold me more;
Praiſe all your virtues, number all your charms,
And fold, untainted, fold them in my arms!

THE viſion's paſt—the dear deluſion's o'er;
Returning reaſon rears her vanquiſh'd pow'r;
Before her ſwift the magic ſcenes decay,
That paſſion gilded with deluſive ray;
Your guilt, your ſhame, ariſing to her view,
She tears the veil, and paints their real hue;
Unmantled follies ſtand around confeſt,
And wounded virtues bare the bleeding breaſt;
While none remains of all the *tender train*,
But ſoft-ey'd Pity's idly ling'ring ſtrain!

FAREWEL, weak maid! unmercifully long,
I pain your ear with an ungentle ſong;
But, ere I leave you, liſten to the lay
That wears no woe, and weeps no worth away;
Friendſhip refin'd inſpires the ſerious theme,
And reaſon lights it with her radiant beam;
While this big thought is lab'ring in my breaſt,
That ſoon the poet, ſoon the ſong will reſt!

Soon

Soon will my ſorrows, my reflections, end;
You loſe a lover, and lament a friend!

WHERE meek-rob'd Penitence, of placid mien,
Her eye mild-beaming, and her brow ſerene,
Sedately ſits; uplift a ſigh ſincere;
Her ſmile alone will ruin'd love repair;
Smooth the rough path that leads to virtue's God,
And urge you ling'ring on the arduous road;
Your wav'ring ſoul with confidence confirm,
Inſpire with caution, and with courage arm;
Bid it at vice with indignation riſe,
Scorn all below, and hope it's native ſkies,
Contemn the pleaſures that ariſe from ſenſe,
Dare to be good, and aim at excellence.
And tho' condemn'd by dooming pow'rs above
To live far diſtant from the man you love;
The irkſome path of life alone to tread,
No friend to counſel, and no hand to lead;
Regarding Heav'n will glad your weary way,
And blaze around a reconciling ray;
Winning and kind, the wand'ring wiſh reprove,
And grant in grace what is deny'd in love;
Mild to forgive, and piteous of the paſt,
Releaſe from life, and crown with joy at laſt;

Command

Command the blow that turns your frame to duſt,
Bids grief ſubſide, and ev'ry ſigh be huſh'd;
Bids ſure oblivion o'er your follies creep,
And lull you peaceful in eternal ſleep.

To DAMON.

WHILE youth yet ſcampers in it's wild career,
And life's mad buſtle vibrates on our ear;
While frolic's looſer merriments delight,
And delicacy yields to appetite;
Why ſtrives my friend by ſtudies too ſevere,
To antedate the tyranny of care?
To weaken principles already weak,
The very principles by which we act?
Theſe bug-bear paſſions that affright you ſo,
Procure us all the happineſs we know;
From their repoſe reſults the calm of life,
But greater bliſs accompanies their ſtrife;
And when their gen'rous efforts you ſubdue,
You only do what ſager time would do;
If war was deſtin'd for each living wight,
Why has not nature arm'd us for the fight?

Chaſtis'd

Chaſtis'd the flowing current of our blood,
And diſengag'd us from the fair and good?
Each human heart in Stygian armour dreſt,
And lin'd with triple braſs each ruffian breaſt?

How happy youth! if youth it's bliſs but knew;
Their's is the preſent, their's the future too;
Where'er they turn enjoyment courts their eye,
Enjoyment not forbidden by the ſky:
Here, walk the fairy fantoms of the grove,
Young friendſhip leaning on the arms of love;
There, fame in air diſplays the gaudy crown,
While ev'ry boſom pants the prize to win!

Come, let us now each pleaſant ſcene enjoy,
Ere age's wither'd hands their ſweets deſtroy;
Sweep all away, and nothing leave behind
But philoſophic apathy of mind.

AN ELEGIAC BALLAD.

ALL on the graſs-green margin of CLYDE,
A fair maiden diſconſolate lay;
Red ſwoln was her eyes with the ſalt trickling tear,
And her cheek was as pale as the clay.

Wither'd and wan was her roſe-red lip,
And the charms of her youth were all flown;
Like a flow'r that is ſcorch'd by the mid-ſummer heat,
Or is plucked before it be blown.

Looſe on her neck hung her long long hair,
No green garland the ringlets combin'd;
Of DAMON's falſe vows, and his late pledged troth,
And of mis'ry, ſhe ſung to the wind.

'CLYDE, CLYDE! roll on your clear cryſtal waves,
(It was thus with a ſigh ſhe began;)
'But roll where you will, you never will find
'Such a lovely and faithleſs young man.

'Beware,

'Beware, O! beware, ye fond maids!'
'O! beware, and take warning by me!
'Nay, truſt not a ſwain tho' he ſwears to be true,
'They are falſe, but not lovely as he.

'It was in yon oſier leaf-lin'd bow'r,
'O! too well I remember the place;
'For my own fingers wove the green bending twigs,
'And he cover'd the benches with graſs:

'That he took me in his ſoft circling arms,
'And did fondlingly kiſs me the while;
'But beware, O! beware of the heart-ſtealing kiſs,
'For men kiſs where they mean to beguile.—

"SYLVIA! to hang on thy lily-white neck,
"And to preſs thy fair boſom to mine,
"Is enough; yes, away with baſe dirty pelf,
"'Tis enough, 'tis enough to be thine.

"Proud damſels may deck them in fine rich array,
"And ev'ry rude feature adorn;
"But can riches, or pride, e'er attire them like thee,
"In the purple and freſhneſs of morn?

"Away,

" Away, fooliſh grandeur! I'll ne'er change my love,
" Or this kiſs, this ſweet kiſs, be my laſt:—
" Yes, the gods who do look thro' this leaf-lined bow'r
" Can bear witneſs how truly I'm bleſt."

' Such, ſuch were his words, then more cloſe to his breaſt,
' With full many a ſigh he me drew;
' So kind, ſo ſincere, and ſo hearty they ſeem'd,
' That I could not but think they were true.

' Aſk not, O! aſk not, ye four four maids,
' If more than a kiſs he did win;
' Think, but think on the place, and the dear, dear youth,
' And then tell me, what would you have done?

' How frail and how feeble a fond maid's bliſs,
' Overturn'd by all breezes that blow!
' How weak is the barrier, how narrow the line,
' That does ſep'rate our love from our woe!

' Where are ye now, ye falſe flatt'ring joys!
' Ye proſpects of pleaſures unknown?
' Like DAMON, ye faithleſs have left me to weep,
' And ye with him to CLARA are flown.

'O! do not receive them, thou raſh, raſh maid!
'Or, farewel thy quiet of mind;
'They may charm for a little, but yet, yet, beware
'Of a poiſon that feſters behind.

'Look but on me; nay, nay, never fear,
'I'm a rival you ſcarcely can dread;
'No roſes now bloom on this pale lily cheek,
'Nor is mine the fair flock that I feed.

'Look yet again, and tell unto me,
'And, O! ſee it be truth that you tell; [ſwain,
'Can your fondneſs ſecure you the falſe wand'ring
'When I'm thus but for loving too well?

'Away, haſte away, ye ſlow, ſlow hours!
'And be dipt, O you ſun! in the ſea:
'Ah me! I but rave; for the time is no more
'When the ev'ning brought comfort to me.

'Sad, ever ſad!—is there no kind cure?
'Not a balſam provided for woe?
'O, tell me, ſome angel! in what happy clime
'Does the precious remedy grow?

'Kindly

'Kindly remember'd, thou fire-clad ſprite!
'It is there, it is certainly there;
'And ſoon will I ſeek in the cold darkſome grave
'For a balſam to love and deſpair.'

PARAPHRASE

On some Verses of

ECCLESIASTES.

FRAGMENT I.

* * * * * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * * * * *

Truſs with your falſehoods, ye dogmatic fools!
Refuſe of colleges, and dregs of ſchools!
Why buds the olive, and why grows the vine?
To glad our hearts, and make our faces ſhine:
In vain before us has th' Almighty plac'd
Delicious viands, if we dare not taſte;
If 'tis damnation to admire the fair,
Why has he deck'd them with ſuch curious care?

Their graceful limbs in nice proportion dreſt,
Fluſh'd the red cheek, and rais'd the panting breaſt?
Look, rev'rend dotards! ſay, has he devis'd
Such ſtriking beauties but to be deſpis'd?
Say, for their ruin has he giv'n to all
Th' inſtinctive impulſe, and the vig'rous call?
Ungrateful thought! where'er we caſt our eyes
Scenes of his bounty and his goodneſs riſe!
The ſpring her various mantle does unfold,
And autumn gilds the waving fields with gold;
Diſporting fiſhes people ev'ry flood,
And birds melodious carrol in the wood;
Whate'er in water, air, or earth we ſee,
In life rejoices, why not therefore we?
Will God to man what all enjoy deny?
Has God been more indulgent to a fly?
Abſurd to think! ungenerous miſtruſt!
No; God is merciful, and God is juſt.

Much injur'd man! in prejudice's ſpite,
Awake, ariſe, aſſert thy native right;
With choiceſt viands ſtore the genial board,
Thy labour's wages, and thy toil's reward;
Make merry with thy friends, and boldly join
The joys of women, and the joys of wine;
Enjoy thyſelf, by no falſe terrors aw'd;
The voice of Nature is the voice of God.

FRAG.

FRAGMENT II.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

To thinking ſages be this truth reveal'd,
But be't for ever from the croud conceal'd:
Virtue is vanity, and vice is vain;
Wiſdom and folly profit not a man;
And if to honour men of wiſdom riſe,
To chance they owe it; not that they are wiſe:
'Tis only chance we providence miſcall,
And good and ill promiſcuous flows to all;
Alike their fortune, and alike their fare,
The ſons of Belial, and the ſons of pray'r;
The grov'ling blockhead, and the lofty bard;
The doubting deiſt, and ſequacious herd;
The fanatic, who fears to pledge his troth,
And libertine, who glories in an oath;
Alike the follies which they act and ſee,
So like, they hardly differ in degree;
Alike they flouriſh, and alike they grow,
Till crampt with gouts, and crown'd with age's ſnow;
Alike in madneſs to the grave deſcend,
And life and vanity together end;
Alike their wiſdom in the ſilent duſt,
Who know but little, or who know the moſt,

Shut from the knowledge of whatever's done,
Below the cheering influence of the ſun.

PRESUMPTUOUS man! who arrogates thy riſe
From the bleſt Ruler of the diſtant ſkies;
Waſte not the age of wantonneſs and love
In fond reliance on the bliſs above;
But, lull'd on pleaſure's lap, enjoy thy life,
With a fair miſtreſs, or a fruitful wife:
Love's genial raptures, and the goblet's glow,
Is all the pleaſure that a man can know;
For, dead, our pleaſure and our pain is done;
And all is vanity below the ſun.

HYMN,

HYMN,

TO THE

ETERNAL MIND.

HAIL, Source of happineſs! whate'er thy name,
Thro' ages' vaſt ſucceſſion ſtill the ſame;
For ever bleſt, in giving others bliſs
No boon thou aſkeſt of thy reptile race;
Their virtues pleaſe thee, and their crimes offend,
Not as a governor, but as a friend:
What can our goodneſs profit thee? and ſay,
Can guilt's black dye thy happineſs allay?
Raiſe vengeful paſſions in thy heav'nly mind,
Paſſions that ev'n diſgrace the human kind?
No: are we wiſe? the wiſdom is our own;
And folly's mis'ries wait on fools alone:
We live and breathe by thy divine command,
Our life, our breath, is in thy holy hand;
But ſomething ſtill is ours, and only ours,
A moral nature, grac'd with moral pow'rs,

Thy

Thy perfect gift, unlimited and free,
Without reſerve of ſervice, or of fee.
Poor were the gift, if given but to bind
In everlaſting fetters all mankind!
To bind us o'er to debts we ne'er could pay,
And for our torment cheat us into *day!*
Not thus thou dealeſt, ſure it is not thus,
Father beneficent! with all, with us!
Thou form'd'ſt our ſouls ſuſceptible of bliſs,
In ſpite of circumſtance, of time, and place;
A bliſs internal, ev'ry way our own,
Which none can forfeit, is deny'd to none;
For ever forfeit; for our freedom's ſuch,
'Tis, ſcorn'd or courted, ſtill within our reach;
And if we ſink to miſery and woe,
Thou neither made us, nor decreed us ſo;
Perfection in a creature cannot dwell,
Some men have fallen, and ſome yet may fall;
Many the baits that tempt our ſteps aſtray,
From reaſon's dictates, and from wiſdom's way.
But, hail, ETERNAL ESSENCE! ever hail!
Tho' vice now triumph, paſſion now prevail;
Tho' all ſhould err, yet all are ſure to find
In thee a father! and in thee a friend!
A friend, to overlook the mortal part,
The crimes, the follies, foreign to the heart.

A FIT OF THE SPLEEN.

WHAT is this creature man, who ſtruts the world
With ſo much majeſty?—A frightful dream!
A midnight goblin, and a reſtleſs ghoſt;
Leaving the diſmal regions of the tomb,
To walk in darkneſs, and aſtoniſh night,
With hideous yellings, and with piteous groans!

THE radiant orbs that glitter o'er your heads,
What are they more than lamps in ſepulchres?
That ſhine on dead men's bones, and point out death,
Misfortune, ſorrow, miſery and woe,
And all the ſad innumerable ills
That blazon the 'ſcutcheon of mortality!
A horror viſible! than which the ſhades,
The thickeſt midnight ſhades, Cimmerian glooms,
Were clearer ſun-ſhine, and more wiſhful day!

The mountain's fragrance, and the meadow's growth,
The vernal bloſſom, and the ſummer's flow'r,
Are but funereal garlands, nature ſtrows,
Munificent, on this ſtupendous hearſe,
This decorated prelude to the grave;
Inſatiable monſter! yawning ſtill,
Unfathomably deep!—A little while,
And lo! he cloſes on the painted ſcene,
And, ſurfeited with carnage, yawns no more!

Say, what is life?—this privilege to breathe?
But a continued ſigh! a lengthen'd groan!
A felt mortality! a ſenſe of pain!
A preſent evil, ſtill foreboding worſe!
A church-yard epitaph! a plaintive ſong!
A mournful univerſal elegy,
We ever read, and ever read with tears!

Allegorical Prints Colored
of Poetry 6 vol. Price 1800

Four Seasons
varied
beauties

ELEGIES.

ELEGY I.

THE tuneful lark awakes the purple morn,
Returning plovers glad the dreary waſte;
The trees no more their raviſh'd honours mourn,
No longer bend below the wint'ry blaſt.

The Spring o'er all her genial influence ſheds,
Her ſmelly fragrance ſcents the balmy breeze;
Her op'ning bloſſoms purple o'er the meads,
Her vivid verdure veils the robbed trees.

The airy cliff reſounds the ſhepherd's lay;
Within it's banks the murm'ring ſtreamlet flows
Around their dams the ſportive lambkins play,
And from the ſtall the vacant heifer lows.

The

The voice of muſic warbles from the wood,
Delightful objects croud the ſmiling ſcene;
All nature ſhares the univerſal good,
And cold deſpair exalts no breaſt but mine.

Diſmal to me appears the bloomy vale,
The haunts of pleaſure ſadden at my tread;
Unheard, unnoted, vernal zyphers fail
The flow'ry waſte, and bend the quiv'ring reed.

No more, enraptur'd with ſucceſsful love,
I fit my numbers to the tuneful ſtring;
No more pourtray the verdure of the grove,
Or hear the voice of incenſe-breathing Spring.

The torrents, whiten'd with deſcending rain,
The wave-worn windings of the wand'ring rill,
The flow'ry flush that liv'ries all the plain,
The blue-grey miſt that hovers o'er the hill,

I ſing no more:—But raviſh'd from the maid
Who kindly liſten'd to my faithful ſighs,
I, inly grieving, droop the penſive head,
And mourn the bliſs relentleſs fate denies.

Head-scrolls

Dreary

glows along

Into Grieve

ELEGY II.

To MIRA.

THE cottage-ſwains, how exquiſitely bleſt
With ſun-burnt virgins in the prime of years!
A ſigh obtains the faireſt and the beſt;
At moſt, the pleading eloquence of tears.

No ſtubborn honour parts the willing pair;
No maiden barters happineſs for fame;
No prideful dæmon whiſpers in her ear,
The long ſucceſſion of a titled name.

O, had a turf-built hamlet's humble roof,
A ſoot-clad rafter caught your earlieſt view!
Or ſternly rigid fortune ſcowl'd aloof,
Nor ſtampt with dignity a parent's brow!

Or had I (love demands the lowly boon)
Grown to maturity in ſplendor's ray!
In folly's tinſel tatters tript the town,
The pride of fops, and glitter of a day!

Had treaſur'd gold improv'd my native worth,
Inglorious robb'd from AFRIC's ebon ſuns;
A ruin'd caſtle claim'd a father's birth,
Where jack-daws neſtle, and the howlet moans!

But money'd merit, and paternal fame,
The gods to poor ALEXIS never meant:
He lives unſtory'd; loſt, alas! to him,
The herald's blazon and the painter's tint.

A ſoul unſully'd by the thirſt of gain,
A boſom riſing at another's woe,
He boaſts no more;—his cottage bounds the plain,
Where wild woods thicken, and where waters flow.

A manſion not unworthy of the fair:
Why bluſhes MIRA at the ſimple tale?
Can all the pomp of dirty cities dare
Vie with the fragrance of the vernal vale?

But, nurs'd amid the formulas of pride,
You want the heart to own the man you love,
Walk with feign'd pleaſure by the fopling's ſide,
And praiſe the nonſenſe which you don't approve.

The

The very vale, you tread with willing feet,
You ſeem to ſcorn, and wantonly prefer
The dull rotation of a crouded ſtreet,
A ſhrill-pip'd actreſs, and a dancing bear.

Farewel, dear maid! ſome happier youth poſſeſs
The blooming beauties ne'er deſign'd for me;
May fruitful Hymen yield him every bliſs,
And every joy I, hapleſs! hop'd in thee.

But, O, may none, invidious of your mirth,
Name loſt ALEXIS on the bridal day!
For, could you, MIRA! tho' obſcure his birth,
Unpitying hear, a lifeleſs lump he lay?

ELEGY III.

PRESENTS may buy BELINDA's venal kiſs,
And venal kiſſes charm the taſteleſs tribe;
My delicacy calls for cheaper bliſs,
And patriot diſtance ſcorns a paltry bribe;

The hill, that midway rears it's lordly brow,
The torrent, headlong from it's boſom roll'd;
A gift, with reckleſs eye, like ~~MARIA~~ Laura, view,
And frown, forbidding, on the profer'd gold.

STREPHON may con with care the flatt'ring lay,
With bluſhing roſes vermile TRULLA's cheek;
Bid unheaven'd graces on her boſom play,
And paint a goddeſs: for the girl is weak.

But other, MIRA! were ALEXIS' ſtrains;
No heav'n-bred virgin ſtuff'd his dreaming head;
Thy beauties, ſuch as daily haunt our plains,
He ſung; the graces of a mortal maid.

When loneſome with thee in the ſilent hour,
He hail'd no goddeſs, but a girl embrac'd;
Proſtrated low, ador'd no heav'nly pow'r,
But clung tranſported to thy maiden waiſt.

And ſhould the gods reſtore thee to my arms,
No fulſome flatt'ry ſhould exalt my phraſe;
No epithetic nonſenſe daub thy charms,
Good ſenſe thy beauty, conſtancy thy praiſe.

But

But vain the thought—I'll never ſee thee more;
The gods decree it, and the gods are juſt:
For ever doom'd thy abſence to deplore,
Till grief, ſlow-ſapping, crumble me to duſt.

ELEGY IV.

NIGHT, raven-wing'd, uſurps her peaceful reign,
Sleep's lenient balſam ſtills the voice of woe;
A keener breeze breathes o'er the lowly plain,
And pebbly rills in deeper murmurs flow.

The paly moon thro' yonder dreary grove,
The ſcreech-owl's haunt, emits a feeble ray;
The plumy warblers quit the ſong of love,
And dangle, ſlumb'ring, on the dewy ſpray.

The maſtiff, conſcious of the lover's tread,
With wakeful yell the liſt'ning maid alarms,
Who, looſely rob'd, forſakes the downy bed,
And ſprings reſerveleſs to his longing arms.

O, happy he! who, with the maid he loves,
Thus toys, endearing on the twilight green,
While all is rapture; Cupid's ſelf approves,
And Jove conſenting veils the tender ſcene.

O, happy he! by gracious fate allow'd,
At duſky eve, to claſp the ſlender waiſt,
Preſs the ſoft lip, diſſolve the ſilky ſhroud,
And feel the heavings of a love-ſick breaſt.

Once mine the bliſs:—But now with plaintive care
I, lonely wand'ring, tune the voice of woe;
And, patient, brave the chilly midnight air,
Where wild woods thicken, and where waters flow.

ELEGY V.

WITHIN this willow-woven bow'r
I'll lay my limbs to reſt;
And breathe the fragrance of the mead,
In orient colours dreſt.

Sacred

meets endeavour at

omitted)

Sacred to grief, hail, hallow'd ſpot!
Here, long inur'd to woe,
ALEXIS tun'd the plaintive reed,
By MAIDEN's mazy flow.

Reclining on this very ſod,
While ſorrow dimm'd his eyes,
He rais'd his ſuppliant hands in vain!
Relentleſs were the ſkies.

O, cruel, to refuſe his boon!
How little did he crave?
'Twas but the cov'ring of a turf,
Th' oblivion of a grave.

And ſtill more cruel, to exile
The luckleſs lover ſo!
To drive him from the lovely haunts
Of ſolitary woe.

Here, memory of former days
Would cheer the muſing boy;
And o'er his melancholy ſpread
A tranſient gleam of joy.

But

But the wild hurry of a town
Recals no bliſsful ſcene;
Starves fond remembrance, and affords
No leiſure to complain.

The willows, wav'd by wanton winds,
Still ſhade thy ſedgy ſhore;
But rueful, MAIDEN! are thy banks,
Thy muſes mourn no more.

On yonder poplar's topmoſt bough,
Their airy harps are hung;
And ſilence muſes on the mead,
Where midnight fairies ſung.

ELEGY VI.

The Suicide.

YES, gentle ghoſt! I hear the ſolemn ſound,
That nightly rouſes to the ſcene of woe;
I ſee the ſhade that beckons to thy wound,
While o'er thy grave the teary torrents flow.

Tho'

Tho' ſcreechs the howlet from the dreary glade,
And croaks the raven from her bough-built neſt;
I'll bow me lowly o'er thy clay-cold bed,
And bid the turf lie lightly on thy breaſt.

Here ly'ſt thou hapleſs! (let me wipe this tear),
Where ſlowly creeping ſteals the ſilent wave;
No pious parent deck'd thy early bier,
No maiden willows wither'd on thy grave.

In drear proceſſion went no friendly train,
Solemnly ſad, or bade thy ſpirit reſt;
But, hurrying on, a noiſy crew profane
The coarſe green turf threw careleſs on thy breaſt.

Ghaſtly magnificent, no ſculptur'd tomb,
In buſto'd grandeur, courts the diſtant ſky;
No veiny marble emulates thy bloom,
No mournful lay bedews the paſſing eye.

But lowly, LAURA! lies thy lovely frame;
The duſt enclaſps thee in a cold embrace;
Breeze-chaff'd beſide thee mourns a falling ſtream,
And o'er thee loneſome waves the dark-green graſs.

Why

Why bare thy boſom, ting'd with vital gore?
Point to thy wound?—I haſten, gentle ſhade—
Deſpair invites—I learn her fatal lore—
With deſp'rate hand thus urge the gleamy blade.

Some woodland bard ſhall mourn our early doom,
Soft o'er our grave awake the plaintive ſtrain;
Shall flit the meteor round our humble tomb,
And ſcreaming goblins haunt the bloody plain.

Shall tell the ſhepherds, on this verdant ſwathe,
A diſmal ſtory of a luckleſs pair;
Whom, brought untimely to a violent death,
A miſtreſs buried, and a ſire ſevere.

ELEGY VII.

A FLEETING life of pain, is man's
Inevitable lot;
To-day is privy to our woe,
To-morrow knows us not.

Fate

Fate bids a ſnaky wreathe of care
  Entwine the vital thread;
And feel alike it's baneful pow'r,
  The death and bridal bed.

Hope gilds in vain the future hour
  With bliſs of ev'ry kind;
The wiſhful period waſtes away
  But bliſs we never find.

In vain we ſtrive to eaſe the ſmart,
  And meditate repoſe;
In vain aſſume the face of joy,
  The maſk of human woes.

Who, warring with a ſea of ills,
  Some weary days have paſt,
Will ever find the future day
  An image of the laſt.

Till death, no more a tyrant, ſpeed
  The amicable blow,
Shut the ſad ſcene of mortal life,
  And terminate their woe.

O, happy he! above his peers,
The favourite of heav'n,
To whom a certain place of reſt,
An early grave is given.

Nor falling tear, nor ſwelling ſigh,
That mourn an abſent maid,
Tormenting fears, nor wiſhes vain,
Afflict his peaceful ſhade.

In ſure oblivion of his woes,
He moulders into duſt;
Spring's roſes wither on his grave,
And cheer his hov'ring ghoſt.

ELEGY VIII.

To ALEXIS.

WHEN roſe-lip'd health reveals her vivid bloom,
And youth and genius all their charms impart;
Why wears the face the diſcontented gloom?
Why, ſadly ſighing, heaves the penſive heart?

Can weeping Melancholy's frantic train,
The brow deep-ſadden'd, and the tear-ſwoln eye,
Invade the vernal hour with plaint profane,
And pleaſure, peace, and induſtry ſupply?

Miſtaken man!—it cannot, will not do;
Muſing and ſad, to murmur all alone!
'Tis fearful Fancy guides your trembling view,
And from your boſom burſts th' unmeaning moan.

What tho' you've met with Fortune's frowning form,
Pale Envy's rage, and Paſſion's ſtormy pow'r?
See! Slander's ſons your faireſt deeds deform,
And dark Suſpicion ſhade the ſocial hour?

Soft Pity beſt becomes the human heart,
And weakneſs claims the mild regarding eye;
And ſince the vernal day may ſoon depart,
Why ſhould you ſtrive to lengthen out the ſigh?

For think, ah! think, it will not always laſt,
This motley life you lov'd, and now deplore!
Soon will the ſwift-wing'd day of youth be paſt,
Soon fate o'erwhelm—and ev'ry joy be o'er.

'Twere better far to join the jocund throng,
Wind the wild walk along the ſummer lawn;
Toy with the fair ſequeſter'd bow'rs among,
Or pour the lay at MIRA's ſoft command!

What tho' no purpled king, nor titled ſire,
Grace the long progreſs of your humble line;
No gazing crouds your glitt'ring pomp admire,
Or, proſtrate low, miſcall your pow'r, divine.

What tho' no coſtly robe, nor ſhining ore,
Adorn your limbs, or heap th' o'erflowing cheſt;
Pleaſure diſdains the ſplendid pride of pow'r,
And ſheds her honours on the low-born breaſt.

Oft in the rural vale, obſcure, unknown,
The Muſes deign to bleſs their fav'rite ſwains;
Full oft, poetic, thro' the fields they roam,
While nature's charms adorn the flowing ſtrains.

The ſylvan choirs, that wake the vocal lay;
The cryſtal ſtreams, that murmur as they flow;
The waving meadows, fragrant, freſh, and gay,
Have ſweets the ſons of grandeur never know!

Say,

Say, then, when nature ſpreads the pleaſing theme,
And willing Muſes ſhed their genial art;
Say, will you quench the heav'n-enlighten'd flame,
And bid lorn ſorrow chill the glowing heart?

Forbear, my friend! the ſhameful ſigh forbear;
Too long hath ſorrow held her baleful ſway!—
See vengeful mirth her proſtrate banners rear,
And force the *fury* from her realms away!

'Tis done—and Pleaſure takes her wonted ſtand;
I ſee the ſmile; I hear the ſprightly ſong;
In ruddy circles croud the jocund band,
And hail the numbers as they pour along.

Wide, and more wide, the vengeful victor flies;—
I ſee the lovers ſeek their fav'rite grove;—
In either boſom ſoft ideas riſe;—
In ev'ry accent breathes inſpiring love!

'Tis juſt—indulge the long-forgotten feaſt,
With eager hand life's fleeting ſweets receive!
Soon may diſeaſe impair the vig'rous taſte,
Dull ev'ry ſenſe, and ev'ry pow'r deprave!

Ah! could thy friend, in wonted eaſe reclin'd,
When health inſpir'd, and pleaſure led the day;
Again enjoy the genial feaſt refin'd,
The mutual rapture, or the melting lay!

He would not reſtleſs roll his languid eyes,
With piercing pain exalt the cry of woe;
And cheerleſs view involving tempeſts riſe,
And vernal roſes wither as they blow.

But pale Diſeaſe exhauſts him faſt away;
For him reviving joy will bloom no more;
No muſe melodious cheer the ling'ring day,
No lovely CLARA learn her tender lore!

Dark is the dawning morn, that ſhone ſo fair;
And ſad the night that ſhed the balmy reſt;
And dim the radiant ſun's refulgent glare;
And bleak the field, in flow'ry fragrance dreſt!

Cold-handed death, with grimly, ghaſtly eye,
Forth from the gloom begins his deſtin'd way—
Soon will my lifeleſs frame forgotten ly,
Reſign'd to native earth—a clod of clay!

Haply,

Haply, with partial tenderneſs poſſeſt,
CLARA may breathe one ſecret ſigh ſincere;
And Friendſhip ſtrike the ſorrow-ſobbing breaſt,
And bid remembrance drop one pious tear!

But not, unmindful of the life you love,
Leave each warm wiſh to cold complaint a prey;
Follow, where Pleaſure's ſoft ſuggeſtions move,
And wipe the ſtreamy tribute ſwift away.

ELEGY IX.

On the ANNIVERSARY ******.

THE three weird ſiſters, on the dreary ſtrand,
Foreſaw this day, twining the fatal thread,
And would have ſtopt, but, urg'd by Jove's command,
They ſpun the reſt, and weeping firm'd the deed.

O, day accurs'd! that ſaw her laſt adieu,
To maiden honour, innocence, and fame;
Nor night's black mantle round thy viſage drew,
Nor ſent one cloud to cover SYLVIA's ſhame.

On thee no morn ſhall rouſe the grateful ſong,
No gladding ſun-beam wake the flow'ry dye;
But Phœbus roll his rayleſs car along,
In awful ſadneſs thro' the mirky ſky.

Vile birds obſcene ſhall range the ſulph'ry air,
The boding raven ſpread her ſooty plume;
The ſhrivell'd bat, the moping owl be there,
And cluttring add new horror to the gloom.

The hand of dread ſhall ſeal the lips of joy,
Pleaſure, aghaſt, forget her ſyren ſong;
Amazement petrify the feſtive boy,
And freeze the vig'rous ſpirits of the young.

Terror ſhall range the fav'rite haunts of love,
Fear's palſy'd arm embrace the poplar ſhade;
The graves pale habitants traverſe the grove,
While verdure withers at their baleful tread.

Not even more terrible that dreadful day,
When worlds ſhall ſtagger, and creation ſhake;
When chaos ſhall echo, and archangels ſay,
"Be time no more!—ye ſleeping dead awake."

ELEGY

ELEGY X.

In the Manner of the ANCIENTS.

THE zephyrs, wak'd at ſpring's refreſhing call,
Flap their light wings, and fan the verdant vale;
Where'er their balmy influence they breathe,
Green grows the graſs, and flow'rets bloom beneath;
In ſofter numbers rolling waters flow,
And ev'ry heart is freed from ev'ry woe;
The feather'd ſongſters wanton on the ſpray,
Sport with their mates, and love their lives away:
From hill to hill the careleſs ſhepherd roves,
And gathers garlands for the maid he loves;
With art he blends the flow'rs of diff'rent hue,
The green, the red, the yellow, and the blue.
O, happy ſwain! O, ſwain ſecure of bliſs!
The grateful girl will thank you with a kiſs.
Come, gentle ſwain! I'll join my toil with your's,
I'll weave gay garlands, and I'll gather flow'rs;
Won with ſuch gifts, CYNARA may relent,
Forego her harſhneſs, and her frowns repent;

Pity

Pity my paſſion, and relieve my pain,
Nor let one ſigh the live-long night in vain.
Ah, flatt'ring thought! what garland, what device,
Can melt a boſom of unfeeling ice?
Still might I hope more happy days to ſee,
Were ſhe *but* cold and cruel unto me.
But the whole race alike her ſcorn and hate,
The gods themſelves can hardly mend my fate!
Then ply your labour, ſhepherd! and be bleſt
With ſome fair maiden of more tender breaſt,
While I indulge in unavailing woe,
Another's joy, the only joy I know.

ELEGY XI.

THE clam'rous din of buſy day is o'er;
Night, downy-wing'd, resumes extends her ſilent ſway;
Soft o'er the village ſheds the balmy pow'r,
And ſoothes with chearing dreams the hours away.

The ſons of labour o'er the homely ſtraw,
Out-ſtretch'd at eaſe, in ſweet refreſhment doze;
And modeſt maids from moon-led ſwains withdraw,
To bathe their lovely limbs in ſoft repoſe.

But

Bodamhisfolies —

But what avail the ſilence-ſhedding eve,
The downy bed, or ſleep's refreſhing pow'r?
Awake to anguiſh and inglorious grief,
SYLVIA bewails the ſolitary hour.

Still unbefriended, ſuccourleſs, and ſad,
Her laſting ſhame arreſts her cloſing eye;
Penſively droops her weary wakeful head,
And from her boſom burſts a bitter ſigh.

Ceaſe, SYLVIA! ceaſe the unavailing view,
Quit the ſad theme, and cloſe the cry of care;
Can ceaſeleſs ſighs unſpotted fame renew,
Or ſorrows mingled with the midnight air?

Ah, no! 'tis paſt, th' irrevocable doom!
In vain the tear, in vain the plaintive lay;
When ~~hell-born guilt~~ extends her cheerleſs gloom,
Returning fame ne'er ſheds one genial ray.

The ſcornful look, the acrimonious taunt,
Pale envy's ſneer, and ſcandal's buſy tongue,
Will e'er the hapleſs maiden mourner haunt,
Encreaſe her follies, and her ſhame prolong.

In

In vain the pitying pray'r, the wiſh forlorn,
The contrite tear, the penitential ſigh;
Alike they ſmooth the wreathy brow of ſcorn,
Melt the proud heart, or loſs of fame ſupply.

Yes, you may ſigh, and mourn, and wiſh in vain,
Nor find a balm to ſoothe your growing grief;
Contempt will ſtill perpetuate the ſtain,
Returning virtue vainly beg relief.

No ſoft diſtreſs can melt the ſtubborn race,
Th' unfeeling heart, the ear that will not hear;
Nor maiden honour, ſunk in ſad diſgrace,
Draw down the cheek the pity-ſtreaming tear.

Yet, while the world, with rival pride, purſue
Your ſhameful fall, and unrelenting frown,
I'll drop a tear!—'Tis nature's tribute, due
To other's woes, and frailties not our own.

Yes, I will mourn thee hapleſs, charming maid!
Soft o'er thy virtue pour the pitying tear;
'Till low in earth thy lovely frame be laid,
And kind oblivion cloſe thy doom ſevere.

ELEGY XII.

THE FAIR.

THE ſun ſhines potent from the mid-day ſky,
His rays glance dazzling from the tinſel'd head,
The noon-tide fervour ſmooths the gloſſy hair,
And aids the bluſhes of the panting maid.

The ruſtic gallants, with their redd'ning prize,
Retire exulting from the duſty ſtreet,
Quaff the cool beer, and mix'd with kiſſes bland,
And forceful ſighs, the tender tale repeat.

While coyly paſſive ſits the modeſt fair,
With breaſt wild-throbbing, and dejected eye;
Or ſhould ſhe kind adjuſt the roſy lip,
Or court th' embrace, no envious tell-tale nigh.

On yonder board the bowl and tumbler mark,
More coſtly liquor, and a richer Miſs;
Faſt by her ſide the brawny ſtripling ſmiles,
Nor values ſix-pence, while he gains a kiſs.

If ſuch the bleſſings of a low eſtate,
Who would not joy to guide the ſhining ſhare,
To whirl the flail, ingulf the poliſh'd ſpade,
Or tune the reed beſide a fleecy care?

Name not the biting blaſt the peaſant bears,
The face embrown'd, the bliſter-ſwelling hand;
A day like this rewards an age of toil,
Softens the voice of many a rough command.

But, lo! appears amid yon jovial crew
A brow deep-furrow'd by the hand of care,
'Tis DAMON's—ſorrow blanks his native bloom,
And muſing melancholy dulls his air.

In vain DORINDA, fondling, ſtrives to eaſe
The ſorrows rankling in his penſive breaſt;
In vain his cheek is pal'd with jocund blow,
In vain his hand with artful ſqueeze is preſt.

No kind endearments will the youth return,
Tho' inſtant thus ſhe courts the balmy bliſs,
And oft averts the radiance of her eyes,
In fond expectance of the raviſh'd kiſs.

Be gallant, DAMON! with the willing maid,
Like others, toy the laughing hours away;
Commix'd with rugged labour's lusty sons,
Why more refin'd and delicate than they?

Can the smooth pebble of the playful boy
For ever curl the surface of the deep?
Can CLARA censure what she does not see,
Or read inconstancy upon thy lip?

Still art thou gloomy—Consolation's vain:
Can consolation bring the virgin here?
Till then, you feel the weighty hand of woe,
And drop in secret disappointment's tear.

ELEGY XIII.

IMITATED FROM HORACE.

WHEN virtue guards, and innocence protects,
The deadly musket and the sword are vain;
Fortune may frown, surrounding ills perplex,
The smile of conscience smooths the path of pain.

Serenely brave, thro' LYBIA's ſcorching wilds
The good man walks, nor dreads her brindled brood,
Purſues his way where INDIAN never builds
His humble hut, and ſtems ORELLAN's flood.

A meagre wolf, a fiercer never den'd
In ALPIN foreſt, or HELVETIAN hill,
Gaunt famine lengthen'd every claw to rend,
And hunger whetted ev'ry tuſk to kill;

From me, unarm'd, with hideous howling fled,
Aghaſt, deſerted his defenceleſs prey,
As in VIRGINIAN woods I lonely ſtray'd,
On MIRA mus'd, and plann'd the plaintive lay.

Yes, lovely maid! ev'n here I feel thy pow'r,
Tho' kingdoms lie, and oceans rage between;
Revere thy virtues, all thy charms adore,
And wiſh thee preſent at each pleaſant ſcene.

Wherever ſtation'd by the will of heav'n,
On LYBIAN deſerts, or on ZEMBLAN ſnows,
Wherever carry'd, or wherever driven,
Still ſhall thy abſence number with my woes.

ELEGY

+ Harold

+ pour le cours

ELEGY XIV.

THE moon ſhines ſilv'ry on the limpid ſtream,
Scarce bluſh the flow'rs, in fainter dyes array'd;
The howlets, rouſing at the friendly beam,
With lazy pinions ſcour the duſky glade.

The time-ſtruck turret, on yon mountain's brow,
Projecting wide, embrowns the lowly vale;
The ſpiry column leſſens to the view,
And bluiſh clouds the ſcatter'd huts conceal.

The younglings, raviſh'd from the fleece-clad ewes,
Wake plaintive bleatings from the turf-built fold;
The moon-ſcar'd heifer hollow-murm'ring lows,
And drony beetles noiſy wings unfold.

The lapwing, clam'rous, ſeeks her vary'd race,
Along the heath ſhe ſhoots on ſounding wing;
From where yon firs their ſhaggy ſharp tops raiſe,
The widow'd turtles doleful dirges ſing.

But who is this, with ſlowly-ſliding ſtep,
Walks lonely wand'ring by this ſtreamlet's ſhore?
Perhaps ſome luckleſs lover, doom'd to weep
A miſtreſs abſent, or, a maid no more.

Perhaps, in ſad ſimilitude of woe,
His ſigh-ſhook frame is borne to yonder grove;
Hapleſs! to bid the briny torrents flow,
O'er many a ſcene of recollected love.

'Tis STREPHON.—Ah! how languid roll his eyes!
Death's livid liv'ry lengthens o'er his cheeks;
So pale, ſo woe-begone, vex'd ſpirits riſe,
At this dread hour—But hark!—the fantom ſpeaks.

"It was, NEÆRA! in a night like this,
As calm the air, as clear the conſcious moon;
The midnight mourner ſung our mutual bliſs,
And rivers lull'd us, as they ſlowly run:

When you around me threw your velvet arms,
Moiſt roll'd your eye, wild heav'd your ſnowy breaſt,
And gentle ſpoke, while redden'd all your charms,
Words well remember'd, for you ſpoke and kiſs'd.

Ere

Elazar

Elazar

+ dungeon

Ere Strephon ceaſe, in love's alluring garb,
To be NEÆRA's deareſt chief delight,
Shall ceaſe yon twinkling ſtars—that glorious orb,
With ſilv'ry radiance to adorn the night.

But what avail, NEÆRA! all thy vows,
The ſoft endearments of thy faithleſs tongue,
Since for another all thy beauty glows,
Heaves thy fair breaſt, and warbles forth thy ſong?

The captive, fetter'd with the galling chain,
Immur'd in dungeons, and remote from day,
Should bright-ey'd hope her cheering influence deign,
The ſlug-furr'd concave echoes to his joy.

But hope no more illumes the future hour,
Deſpair inveſts it with her diſmal ſhade;
Soon lay me low ſhall death's tremendous pow'r,
"In long oblivion of the bridal bed."

I need no poiſon blended with the bowl,
No wound red-ſtreaming from the pointed ſteel,
Grief chills the living vigour of my ſoul,
And round my heart death's leaden hand I feel."

ELEGY XV.

THE LINNET.

UNHAPPY and unbleſt the man,
Whom mercy never charm'd;
Whoſe heart, inſenſible and hard,
No pity ever warm'd.

Far from his dangerous abode,
Heav'n! may my dwellings lie;
And from his unrelenting race
Ye little warblers fly.

Tho' thick'ning hawthorns blend their boughs,
And furze wide ſpread around,
Yet build not there your downy neſts,
Nor truſt the faithleſs ground.

Altho' his ſmiling fields produce
The moſt, the fitteſt food;
Beware, beware, nor thither bring
Your young, your tender brood.

Behold!

Behold! a ſiſter linnet there,
Laid lifeleſs on the green;
Fled is the ſmoothneſs of her plumes,
And fled her ſprightly mien.

The graſs grows o'er her ruffled head,
And many a tap'ring ruſh;
Tho' once a fairer ſweeter bird,
Did never grace a buſh.

It was but yeſterday ſhe ſat
Upon a thiſtle's top,
And ey'd her family pecking round:
—Their ſupport and their hope—

Each look, and ev'ry chirp, betray'd
A mother's fond delight;
To ſee them all ſo fully fledg'd,
And capable of flight.

Cloſe in the middle of a buſh,
With prickles thick beſet,
She brought them forth; no ſavage boy
The wily neſt could get.

Full

Full twenty days, with pious bill,
Their gaping mouths ſhe fed;
Till ripe, they left their hair-lin'd home,
Slow flitting as ſhe led.

Joyful they flap'd their new-grown wings;
But happy for them all!
Had they but kept their native buſh,
Nor ſeen a mother fall.

Blytheſome ſhe ſat, and ſweetly ſang,
Nor dream'd of danger near;
How could ſhe, conſcious of no ill?
The guilty only fear.

But, prais'd for villany, alas!
Not innocence can ſhun,
Nor all a linnet's muſic ward
The ſchool-boy's lawleſs ſtone.

Conceal'd behind an hawthorn hedge,
He took his deadly aim;
Thick thick the feathers floated round,
And flutt'ring down ſhe came.

+ Trained by a rough unfeeling sire
To cruelty and pride,
An infant ruffian passing by
The harmless bird espied.

Full faſt her fearful younglings fly,
Into a neighb'ring ſhade;
Where low they cow'r diſconſolate,
And mourn a mother dead.

Penſive they ſit, with hunger pin'd,
Nor dare deſert the ſpray;
Nor know they how to gather food,
No mother leads the way.

ELEGY XVI.

WHere yonder willows weave their waving boughs,
Umbrageous, o'er the ſtreamlet-haunted dale;
Deep in the windings of their bow'ry rows,
A mould'ring villa rears it's Gothic pile.

Where oft, reſponſive to the woodland lay,
The ſong has ſounded o'er the feſtive floor;
And, ſhelter'd from the genial warmth of day,
The jolly lordling led the revel hour.

Where oft, along the cool ſequeſter'd glade,
The glitt'ring female train was ſeen to rove,
And warbled ſoftly from the woodbine ſhade,
Were heard the vows of undiſſembled love.

But there, the ſong has now forgot to ſound,
Th' impaſſion'd lovers there no longer ſigh;
The mould'ring manſion howlets hoot around;
And echoing bow'rs to boding rooks reply.

There, drear and diſmal, o'er the glimm'ring green
The frighted ſhepherd hears the cry of care;
And fire-clad forms, and ſhadowy ſhapes, are ſeen
To walk the wild, or wing the mirky air.

There oft, contemplative of pomp and pow'r,
Time's waſteful rule, and fortune's fleeting day,
The muſe-fir'd poet, at this ſolemn hour,
Sighs deeply ſad, and plans the penſive lay.

Perhaps, now muſing on the mould'ring wall,
The moſs-grown roof, or ivy-mantled gate,
He eyes the crumbling fragments as they fall,
And vindicates the varying forms of fate.

There — —

+ hanging
+ he am I very much annoyed

There

+ the

+ honour

Did contemplation aid my mounting mind,
Or fancy light me with her radiant ray,
I oft would loiter there, to thought reſign'd,
And pour with rapture forth the living lay.

But me no gifts the tuneful ſiſters give,
To grace the ſong with philoſophic lore;
Fond love alone inſtructs me to deceive,
With wild-notes weak, the ſolitary hour.

All by the margin of this murm'ring ſtream,
That thro' the lone-wood leads it's winding way,
Frequent I roam, in many a wayward dream,
Till twilight robe the glimm'ring groves with grey.

Till CLARA come! my ſecret ſtep to trace,
From ſcenes where joys in dull ſucceſſion roll;
How ſweet to fold her here in chaſte embrace,
While riſing rapture runs from ſoul to ſoul!

But who is this, along the op'ning glade,
Whoſe gentle form now ruſhes on my eye?
Low on the bank ſhe leans her lovely head,
And pores upon the ſtreamlet rolling by.

Fled

Fled are the charms which health and joy inſpire,
Fled the freſh bloom, and fled the mirthful mien;
Her eye beams mildly with a fading fire,
And ſlow tears trickle down her cheek ſerene.

'Tis MARIA!—muſing melancholy leads
Her frequent footſtep o'er the lonely dale,
Where winding waters glide thro' gloomy ſhades,
And penſive ſtock-doves pour their weary wail.

How chang'd from her, in beauty's brighter day
The pride and envy of each ſparkling ball!
No ſweeter tongue could chaunt the ſprightly lay,
No lighter foot could trip the feſtive hall.

The good, the gay, the graceful, and the young,
Submiſſive ſaw their rival charms ſurpaſt;
According praiſes flow'd from ev'ry tongue,
And hope, preſaging, promis'd they ſhould laſt.

And had ſhe known the ſly licentious art
That gilds the praiſes of the great and gay!
Free from diſhonour's unrelenting ſmart,
She ſtill had ſung her ſmiling youth away.

But,

-fondness-

+ head

But, unperceiv'd, the flatt'ring FLAVIO ſtrove,
With ſoft deceit, to ſoothe her ſimple ear;
He bade the eye in melting meaſures move,
And ev'ry word a winning ſoftneſs wear.

The blooming proſpect breath'd reſiſtleſs guile,
The ſoft contagion ran thro' ev'ry pore;
Unhallow'd pleaſure wore a wooing ſmile,
And, warmly wanton, urg'd the ſyren lore.

She little knew, to dread the tempting round,
Where vernal flow'rets veil their venom'd hue;
But raſhly burſt th' irremeable bound,
And bade the haunts of hallow'd love adieu!

The fair illuſion now diſſolves away,
No ſprightly muſic warbles from her tongue!
No gay aſſemblies wing the jocund day,
No fawning FLAVIO leads her ſteps along!

Far from the ſparkling ball, the feſtive ſhade,
She mourns her days in ſolitude forlorn!
While weeping virtues watch her ſleepleſs bed,
And frowning furies hov'ring round are borne!

So fades a flow'r by deadly drought deſtroy'd,
Nor breathes one ſweet of all it's fragrance paſt;
So droops a tree by wint'ry winds annoy'd,
And ſighs it's raviſh'd honours to the blaſt.

Entranc'd in pleaſure's meretricious bow'r,
Where madneſs, mirth, and giddy riot rave,
Unfeeling FLAVIO laughs his conqueſt o'er,
And boaſts the wound his cruel flatt'ry gave.

In vain, for him, revolves her cheerleſs day,
Her ſleepleſs night and ceaſeleſs ſigh are vain;
Unheard, unnoted, roll their rounds away,
Nor ſhed one ſorrow o'er the frolic ſcene.

Pity, perhaps, amid the mad carreer
Of magic raptures, whirling wildly round,
Some future day may diſinchant his ear,
And all the bliſs of jovial joy confound.

Haply, when age with retroſpective eye,
Reviews the hour that lawleſs pleaſure drew,
Remorſe may learn to breathe a bitter ſigh
O'er all the arts that laid her virtue low.

solstice day

For me! wild-wand'ring in the twilight ſhade,
When ſolemn ſtillneſs holds her lonely ſway,
May malice ne'er my muſing mind invade,
Nor ſcorn, loud-laughing, claim my gentle lay.

Be mine the heart that melts at others woe,
The hearing ear and pitying eye be mine;
With ſoft compaſſion may my boſom glow,
And grief ſincere my feeling ſoul refine.

And may my maid! with ſympathiſing care,
A frail and feebler virtue full in view,
Juſt heave one ſigh, and drop one tender tear;—
To female fortune ſurely this is due.

So, may regarding heav'n our loves prolong;
So, when we ſink in honour'd age to reſt,
Some gentle bard may raiſe the mournful ſong,
And ſtrew with ſweeteſt flow'rs each feeling breaſt.

ELEGY XVII.

SOFT let me tread the hallow'd ground,
A druid's buried near!
And can I paſs a druid's grave,
Nor drop a friendly tear?

Short is the path, and broad the way,
That leads unto the tomb;
The flow'rs of youth but ſeldom bud,
Or wither in their bloom.

The vernal breezes ſweetly breathe,
And all their beauties wake;
When, lo! a ſtorm deſcends, and they
Are raviſh'd from the ſtalk.

Full many a youth in flow'ry prime
Indulges hope to-day,
Who never ſees to-morrow dawn,
Death's unſuſpected prey.

But

But while I weep in mournful ſtrains,
O'er youthful years laid low;
Still let me pauſe, nor dare blaſpheme
The hand that gives the blow.

How many diff'rent ills conſpire
To ſour the cup of life!
What various paſſions vex the breaſt,
With unabating ſtrife!

The woes that harrow up the heart
Encreaſe with ev'ry day;
Death is our only hope, and he
In mercy ends the fray.

Hail! highly favoured of heav'n,
Who ſafely on the ſhore,
Without concern, behold the wreck
That ſerv'd to waft you o'er.

But chiefly hail! lamented youth,
On whoſe green grave I ly;
While round me ſtalks thy penſive ghoſt
In ſullen majeſty.

No more ſhall malice wound thy fame,
Or envy's tale be ſpread;
For ſacred is the ſilent grave,
And hallow'd are the dead.

No longer wilt thou, here and there,
An hapleſs wand'rer roam;
Earth lends her mantle, and ſupplies,
An unmoleſted home.

As, reſcu'd from the bleaching wave,
Thy body turns to duſt;
Rememb'rance oft will drop a tear,
And own thy fate unjuſt.

The traveller, who paſſes by,
With weeping heart will read,
The mournful lay which marks thy tomb,
And ſoothe thy penſive ſhade.

Mr James Fisher—

ELEGY

ELEGY XVIII.

THE pale-ey'd moon ſerenes the ſilent hour,
And many a ſtar adorns the clear blue ſky;
While pleas'd I view this deſolated tow'r
That rears it's time-ſtruck tott'ring top ſo high.

Here was the garden, there the feſtive hall,
This the broad entry, that the crowded ſtreet;
The taſk how pleaſant to repair it's fall,
And ev'ry ſtone arrange in order meet!

The ſcheme is finiſh'd;—ages backward roll'd
And all it's former majeſty reſtor'd:—
Imagination haſtens to unfold
The pomp, the pleaſures of it's long-loſt lord.

The voice of muſic echoes thro' the dome,
The jocund rev'llers beat the bending floor;
In golden goblets generous liquors foam,
And mirth, loud-laughing, wings the rapid hour.

As

As fancy brightens, other ſcenes are ſeen;
No privacy can 'ſcape her eagle eye;
She follows lovers to the midnight green,
And throws a glory round them as they ly.

But mark the change!—the muſic ſwells no more,
And all the dome another proſpect wears;
It's maſter's blood diſtains the feſtive floor,
And mirth, loud-laughing, ſaddens into tears.

O, how unlike that gentle ſwain, who preſt
His yielding miſtreſs on the midnight green!
The lover now, in weeds of warriors dreſt,
Deſtruction threat'ning in his furious mien.

Unmov'd, he ſees him murder'd in his prime,
And wipes the blood red-reeking on his ſword;
His ſavage miſtreſs hails the horrid crime,
And ſpurns the carcaſe of her late-lov'd lord.

But not unpuniſh'd is the guilty pair,
Imagination hurries on their end;
Behold the lifted faulchion's deadly glare!
Now purple vengeance haſtens to deſcend.

That

That ſtroke became thee!—pious was the deed;
So much an hapleſs brother's blood requir'd;
In vain let youth, in vain let beauty plead;
They pled for him, but pled, alas! unheard.

Still, ſtill unweary'd, reſtleſs fancy roams,
On ſwelling waves of wild vagary toſt,
Calls ſheeted ſpectres from the op'ning tombs,
And fills the tow'r with many a griſly ghoſt.

Penſive they ſtalk in melancholy ſtate,
And to pale CYNTHIA bare their gaping wounds;
While many a heapy ruin's moſs-clad height,
In hollow murmurs all their woes reſounds.

But whence that mournfully melodious ſong,
That voice of elegy ſo ſadly ſlow?
The certain ſymptom of a mortal moan;
The diſmal utt'rance of an earthly woe.

Haply, ſome plaintive ſolitary wretch,
The thread-bare mourner of a thread bare tale;
Who nightly does the lunar radiance watch,
And join the howlet in his weary wail.

Grieving

Grieving he ſees the ravages of time,
The fleeting nature of terreſtrial things.—
" In vain the ſtately palace tow'rs ſublime,
" Low lie the labour'd monuments of kings.

" Where is the darling ſeat of ſcepter'd pride,
" Proud BABYLON, with all her brazen gates?
" No penſile gardens grace the dreary void;
" There dens the dragon, with his ſcaly mates.

" Where the magnificence of GRECIAN fanes?
" No more the ſtory'd pyramids we ſee:
" An heap of ſtones is all that now remains;
" 'Tis all they are, and all VERSAILLES ſhall be!

" Where the fam'd ſtructures of imperial ROME?
" CÆSAREAN theatres to contain a world?
" All, all are buried in one mighty tomb,
" All in one gulf of deſolation hurl'd!"

Happy, if this ſhould prove his only woe!—
The death of theatres ſcarce could break my reſt;
From other cauſes all my ſorrows flow,
Far other troubles tear my bleeding breaſt.

From

From love, from love, my nightly wand'ring ſprings!
No ſlumber ſettles on my grief-worn eye;
Elſe, not the ruin'd monuments of kings
Could tempt my ſteps below the midnight ſky.

ELEGY XIX.

FALSE and ill-grounded were my hopes,
My expectations vain;
Each ſtep increaſes my complaints,
And nouriſhes my pain.

Here will I pauſe—this ſhady walk,
That variegated field,
Nor all the lovely landſcape round,
Their wonted pleaſures yield.

One black and univerſal cloud
Wide overſpreads the whole;
Creation ſickens, and is dark
And gloomy as my ſoul.

Clyde's plaintive wave, the ſighing gale,
The warbler of each tree,
Sing one ſad melancholy ſong,
In uniſon with me.

Why ſhould I ſtruggle with my fate?
Alas! where'er I go,
I groan beneath my ſorrow's weight,
And bear about my woe.

Yes, here I'll pauſe—and lay me down,
Nor ever hope relief!
But brood in ſilence o'er my ills,
And feed my growing grief.

If ye behold me, lovely peers!
Thus lowly as I ly,
Seek not to raiſe me from this turf,
In pity paſs me by.

So may ye never while ye live
My many mis'ries prove,
And never never weep forlorn
A luckleſs latent love.

Unhappy

Unhappy he! who danger ſees,
  Nor can the danger ſhun;
Who looks on beauty when it ſmiles,
  And hopes, and is undone.

Yes, CLARA ſmil'd; the ſmile I caught;
  Red was her bluſh of ſhame;
But glad I caught the infant love,
  And fann'd it to a flame.

Freely I took her to my arms,
  Nor once of diſtance dream'd;
But ev'ry coming day and night
  One ſcene of rapture deem'd!

But ſoon, O! ſoon, the viſion paſt,
  The ſweet inchantment broke,
Too ſoon we from this fancy'd bliſs
  To real woe awoke!

Disjoin'd by deſtiny's award,
  Without one laſt farewel,
Far, far from the delightful ſcene
  Diſconſolate we dwell.

Disjoin'd!—for ever if disjoin'd,
Of what avail this breath?
Better the cov'ring of a ſod,
The dark cold houſe of death.

Yet, yet a little, and I leave
Mortality's low ſphere;
Another world!—Say, CLARA! will
You meet your DAMON there?

No:—health and happineſs be thine,
Thine pleaſures ever new;
And while I live, my life ſhall be
One long, long ſigh for you.

ELEGY XX.

HER ſtarry mantle night aloft diſplays,
And all heav'n's azure reddens with her rays;
Silence and quiet ſtillneſs reign around,
Save where lorn MAIDEN ſends a ſullen ſound:
The weary ſwains in ſilent ſlumbers ly,
Mute is each tongue, and clos'd is ev'ry eye;

All

All nature ſleeps!—but ſtill this troubled breaſt
Broods o'er its ſorrows, and denies me reſt;
Awakes me nightly to lament my woe,
Where green reeds ruſtle as the breezes blow.
O, MIRA! come, O, cruel! come and ſee
The many mis'ries I endure for thee;
For thee, extended on this turf I ly,
Weep this big tear, and heave this mournful ſigh,
'Tis thy diſdain, my unrelenting fair!
Thus blues my breaſt, and rends my hapleſs hair:
Your chilling ſcorn, O! muſt I ever prove?
You ſure might pity whom you cannot love;
Might heave one ſigh, when all my ſighs you ſee,
"And give one tear of all I ſhed for thee."

HOLD, hold, raſh maid! my youth unripen'd ſpare,
Another frown will drive me to deſpair;
Will bring me immaturely to the grave,
And hurl me headlong in the rolling wave.

ELEGY XXI.

GUILT's grim attendants croud my loathing ſight,
And lordly reaſon ſcorns my lowly love;
But all in vain! it pleads preſcription's right,
No pow'r can quench it, and no force remove.

My thoughtleſs childhood ſuck'd the precious bane,
With growing years the infant paſſion grew;
Now twiſted to the fibres of my heart,
It laughs at reaſon with a ſcornful brow.

Tho' ſhame with redd'ning cheeks obſcure her charms,
And infamy her native beauties ſhroud;
The lovely SYLVIA pictur'd in my breaſt,
Like mid-day ſun diſpels the dark'ning cloud.

The ſmile of youth ſtill haunts my aſking thought;
I hear the accents of the yielding maid,
And ſhrink below prevailing paſſion's pow'r,
What wiſe men dictated, and ſages ſaid.

ELEGY XXII.

AT winter's numbing touch, the fields
Lie wither'd to a waſte;
The trees their naked boughs extend,
Obnoxious to the blaſt.

The lifeleſs leaves blow here and there,
The ſport of ev'ry wind;
And here and there the wood-birds flit,
But can no ſhelter find.

The ſkirting mountains, lately ting'd
With azure's airy hue,
In winter's hoary mantle clad,
Riſe dazzling to the view.

Love, erſt admirer of the plain,
To cottages retires,
Prevents the ſlumbers of the maid,
And kindles warm deſires.

In the unfiniſh'd furrow lies
The plough, nor wounds the field;
The reſtleſs rivers ceaſe to run,
In icy durance held.

Shorn of his rays, ſcarce does the ſun
His glaring orb reveal;
But ſudden ſets:—Night faſt behind
Unfolds her ſable veil.

But, fields, rejoice! I ſee the ſpring
(Tho' diſtant) genial glow;
I ſee her verdant mantle ſpread,
I ſee her bloſſoms blow.

I ſee the warblers to the wood
A-neſtling faſt repair;
I ſee, diſporting in the ſhade,
The loves and graces bare.

In mid-day ſplendor, ſee the ſun
Melt down the mountain ſnow!
Impetuous, on every ſide,
The muddy torrents flow.

But in misfortune's cold embrace
No comfort ſmiles on me;
Joy ſaddens at my look, I live
New mis'ries but to ſee.

Before me ev'ry proſpect low'rs,
Not one propitious ray
Of hope beams on my darken'd ſoul,
To light me on my way.

MIRA is abſent!—all the ſame,
A field of flow'rs or ſnow;
Diſtant and neighb'ring ſuns afford
Like nouriſhment to woe.

ELEGY XXIII.

To MIRA.

In the Manner of OVID.

IN fruitful CLYDESDALE ſtands my native ſeat,
Mean, but not ſordid, tho' not ſpacious, neat;
In CLYDESDALE, noted for its lovely dames,
And meadows, water'd with irruguous ſtreams;

For

For juicy apples, and for mellow pears,
Firm-footed horſes and laborious ſteers:
In vain! would Phœbus cleave the earth with heat,
Or ſcorching SIRIUS deſolation threat;
In vernal pride ſtill ſmiles the varied ſcene,
The fields ſtill flouriſh, and the graſs is green;
Refreſhing rills meander all around,
And flow'ry turfs ſtill ſhade the ſappy ground.
But what are meads or racy fruits to me,
When far remov'd from happineſs and thee?
Each charming proſpect changes to a wild,
And deſolation reigns in ev'ry field.
MIRA is abſent!—tho' I dwelt above,
The diſmal thought would ſadden ev'ry grove,
Would change the hue of each immortal flow'r,
And ſtar-ſtuck arches would appear to low'r.
But, wert thou there, the windy ALPS would pleaſe,
Or GREENLAND, guarded with her glaſſy ſeas;
Thy preſence would diſarm the bitter blaſt,
And melt the mountains of eternal froſt.

How doubly pleaſant, walking by thy ſide,
Were MAIDEN's meadows, and the banks of CLYDE,
From blooming furze the linnet's matin lay,
Or lark's ſwift borne on early winds away!

COME

northern

Come to my arms, my miſtreſs and my wife!
Nor waſte the morning of too ſhort a life.
Where'er ſhe comes, ye ſwelling hills ſubſide!
And verdant valleys ſmile on ev'ry ſide.

ELEGY XXIV.

THE wakeful clock has told the midnight hour,
The liſt'ning ghoſts obey the ſolemn ſound;
Now flocking forth from reſtleſs graves they pour,
And now they range their melancholy round.

Where'er the lonely wood-encircled dome
Uprears its mould'ring moſs-grown roof on high,
With footſtep drear they ſweep the ſilent gloom,
And wake pale horrors on the ſleepleſs eye.

Perhaps the ſpot where firſt they drew their breath,
That ſaw them taſte the ſweets of cheerful day;
The ſpot where ſome fell ruffian gave them death,
And tore them from their blooming hopes away.

Faſt

Faſt by the ſtream whoſe drowſy waters flow
Darkſome and dreary thro' the mirky vale,
Penſive they ſtalk, and murmur as they go
Unwearied wailings to the echoing gale.

Perhaps, when ſummer led the lengthen'd day,
And ſhed reſiſtleſs round the ſultry beam;
Languid they left th' inſufferable ray,
To plunge and wanton in the cooling ſtream.

Fearleſs of fate, with far unequal arm,
Perhaps they prideful ſought the further ſhore;
In vain they fought, in vain the loud alarm!
The wave was ruthleſs, and they roſe no more.

With ſullen ſtep, and terror-darting mien,
What crowds from ocean's oozy depths repair!
How many earth's unhallow'd fields reſign,
To howl unnoted to the deſert air.

Slow, from the church-yard's conſecrated gloom,
Where graſs-green graves in decent order heave,
The numerous victims of a milder doom
Their narrow cells with penſive pleaſure leave!

Perhaps

Perhaps they hie them to their native grove,
Some fav'rite walk, or long-frequented ſcene;
Perhaps along the ſilent ſtreet they rove,
Or lightly trip it o'er the vacant green.

Perhaps (ſince memory of an earthly fire
Yet warms the boſom of the ſep'rate mind)
They hover o'er ſome hoary-headed ſire,
Or heart-dividing friend they left behind:

Or, as the rolling hours return the night,
Viewleſs as air, and unconfin'd, they rove
Round ſome lorn maid, with fondly ling'ring flight,
Who mourns with many a ſigh their raviſh'd love.

No cloſing walls reſtrain the airy form,
No riſing hills nor rolling waves divide;
No dread have they of danger or of ſcorn,
Unfelt the frown of unrelenting pride.

Delightful taſk!—by me envy'd in vain!—
Far, far remov'd I plan the plaintive lay,
Where riſing mountains rear their brows between,
And rolling waters mark the diſtant way.

And harder ſtill! a ſire, with ſcornful eye
Regards the ſwain, the youth of low degree,
And deaf to love, and nature's forceful cry,
Exiles unhonour'd poverty and me.

Hence CLARA waſtes away her virgin bloom;
Hence fools gay-glitt'ring croud her penſive bow'r;
Hence, all forlorn! I watch the midnight gloom,
And hence theſe ſolitary accents pour.

ELEGY XXV.

To MIRA.

FAIR art thou, MIRA! in thy lover's eye;
No maiden on our plains is half ſo fair;
I gaze with rapture on your charms, but ſigh
To think that others may that rapture ſhare.

I can't endure the cringing fawning race,
That bow around you whereſoe'er you go;
Contract your ſphere, be cautious how you pleaſe:
The man that ſmiles upon you is my foe.

Away,

Away, the empty buſtle of a croud,
The languid ſtarv'ling pleaſures of a town;
But take, O! take us, ſome ſequeſter'd wood,
To unknown bliſs, or but to angels known.

I do not ſeek the glory of the vain,
Nor court I envy from the ſtolen glance;
Poor is the gift, and little does he gain,
Who leads a civil miſtreſs in the dance.

Be mine the ſilent ecſtaſies of love,
Too nice for utt'rance, too refin'd for view;
I'm bleſt indeed! (thus far my wiſhes rove),
If only bleſt with ſolitude and you.

ELEGY XXVI.

OCTOBER.

LATE does the ſun begin his ſhorten'd race,
Languid, altho' no cloud obſcures our view;
The nipping hoar-froſt veils the ſhrivel'd graſs,
Where, whilom, wav'd the cool refreſhing dew.

Cold from the north his hooked atoms calls,
And ev'ry field in firmer fetters binds;
Ruſtling in ſhow'rs the wither'd foliage falls,
Slow from the tree, the ſport of eddy winds.

The birds, all flocking from their ſummer haunts,
On the corn-ſtubbles pick the coſtly grain,
His deadly ſnares the cruel fowler plants,
And intercepts the wing that flaps in vain.

Hard is their fate—if we may call it hard,
To ſhun the rigid winter's coming ſtorms,
When famine threatens in the farmer's yard,
And drifted ſnow the deſert field deforms.

The moſt familiar of all birds of ſong,
Domeſtic Red-breaſt, on the window ſits,
While, ſeldom ſeen, tho' whirring all day long,
The active Wren from hedge to hedge ſtill flits.

In ſigns like theſe, the plowman wiſely reads
Approaching winter, and provides a wife;
The joyleſs ſeaſon paſſes o'er their heads,
Loſt and unmark'd amid the ſweets of life.

But

But wretched he! whom all the long dark night
Fate on a lonely couch has doom'd to ly;
Does MIRA frown at what I trembling write?
If MIRA frowns, that wretched ſwain am I.

ELEGY XXVII.

To MIRA.

THY preſence, lovely maid! exalts
My breaſt with harmleſs glee;
And the decayed face of joy
Renews at ſight of thee.

Tho' harſh the utt'rance of my lips,
And fault'ring be my tongue,
Thy beauties harmonize my lay,
And linnets learn my ſong.

Incurtain'd in the ſhades of night,
I meditate thy charms;
Think on thy form, and ſlumb'ring feel
The preſſure of thy arms.

Wak'ning, the phantom fades away,
And ſcarce deluſion ſeems—
O! haſten on the wings of wind,
And realize my dreams.

The ſun ariſes, and the ſwain
Unto his labour hies;
The ſwathy herbage furs the mead,
The ruſſet hay-cocks riſe.

He downward tends on ſloping wheels,
His glory gilds the weſt,
The joyful ruſtic leaves the rake,
And haſtens home to reſt.

But, in thy abſence, unto me
No ſeaſon brings repoſe;
Alike, at morn or duſky eve,
I wreſtle with my woes.

ELEGY

ELEGY XXVIII.

To DAMON.

COME, DAMON! come, enough of wiſdom's ways,
Of antic antres, and of grottos wild;
Suppoſe a daffodil, *deſign* diſplays,
"Or lily, lady of the flow'ry field."

Suppoſe a fly, like potentates and kings,
Can plead antiquity, and boaſt of birth;
That not a muſhroom or a maggot ſprings
From the cold womb of uncreative earth.

Philoſophy, and idle whim, away,
What is a muſhroom or a mite to you?
"They mark intelligence."—But, DAMON! ſay,
To love and nature is there nothing due?

Muſt CLARA's beauties in their bloſſom fade?
The tears of ſorrow dim her lovely eyes?
While you, inſenſible! diſturb your head
With the genealogy of grubs and flies?

Recal her form, and feed on fancy's feaſt,
Unheard let CLODIO tell his taſteleſs tale;
Her blooming beauties a divine repaſt,
An endleſs banquet, and exhauſtleſs meal.

If fair to fancy, how exceeding fair
When given unclouded to your lawleſs gaze!
It comes—behold the bridal day! prepare
A long farewel to wiſdom and her ways.

ELEGY XXIX.

To DAMON.

AH, cruel change! from gentle to ſevere;
Change ever proves unfriendly to the fair:
Shew me the man, the wond'rous man, whoſe mind
Alters to kinder ſentiments from kind?
No, there is no ſuch man; or, if there be,
Who would not wiſh the youth they love were he!
What maid would think ſhe overdid her part,
To graſp the dear *inconſtant* to her heart,
Diſcard each grim-ey'd guardian of her charms,
And fold, and cloſer fold him in her arms!

'Tis

'Tis viſion all! the ſame ſevere decree
Has ruin'd womankind that ruins me;
Fram'd, delicately fram'd, for ſocial bliſs,
We feel each finer paſſion in exceſs;
In love at length each female friendſhip ends;
We ſcarce diſtinguiſh lovers from our friends;
Nor have we learn'd, with philoſophic pride,
From our's, another's mis'ry to divide.
But man is faſhion'd in a rougher mould,
Inſenſible at beſt, and always cold;
His lumpiſh ſoul no gen'rous wiſh inſpires,
No pity melts, no heart-felt rapture fires;
Or if for once it kindle into praiſe,
How ſoon the momentary flaſh decays!
Scarce have we time to hail the dawning light,
Ere the weak meteor vaniſhes in night;
With eager eyes we ſearch around in vain,
And think to ſee it glimmering again!
Alas, how fooliſh! 'tis for ever gone,
With the delightful hour in which it ſhone!

Ah me! and muſt I never more prolong
The night, in liſt'ning to my Damon's ſong?
Alas! can love admit of no decreaſe,
That too, too little! yet be render'd leſs?

My

My happineſs requires it ſhould be ſo;
It muſt, it ſhall! tho' worlds ſhould anſwer, No.

YES, DAMON, yes, a very weak excuſe
Will ſcreen the ſilence of your faithleſs muſe;
Tell me, on ſyſtematic plains you ſtray,
"Borne on the wings of wiſdom far away."
But wherefore thus diſturb my quiet? why
Regard your failings with too nice an eye?
Tho' groſs be the deceit, if *you* deceive,
I pledge my *maiden honour* to *believe*.

ELEGY XXX.

YET onward leads the length'ning way,
Perplexed and forlorn;
And chilly blow the warring winds,
Around me reſtleſs borne.

No vernal verdure, freſh and fair,
Waves on the wat'ry ray,
That frequent ſtreaks yon gath'ring gloom,
And frequent fades away.

I ſee,

I ſee, wide-ſcatter'd here and there,
Along the dark-brown waſte,
The faded furze, the wither'd fern,
The rock moſs-clad and vaſt.

I hear the wild birds wailing notes,
Remurm'ring o'er the heath;
Now to and fro they flocking flit,
Or cow'r the buſh beneath.

In awful blackneſs riſing round,
Appears the brewing blaſt;
It howls from yonder hill's brown brow,
And ſweeps adown the waſte.

Near, and more near, my penſive eye
Remarks it's rapid way;
Now leſſ'ning ſinks yon grey-grown rock,
Now viewleſs ſwims away.

Reſiſtleſs night is falling faſt,
To fill the frowning ſcene,
And leaves no ſhelt'ring ſhade, to ward
The ſwift-deſcending rain.

I'll ſtretch me down upon the heath,
And wipe this riſing tear,
While raging round me loudly roars
The elemental war.

Ah me! the big-round briny drop
Still gathers in my eye,
And burſting from my fearful breaſt,
I feel the frequent ſigh.

The twilight hour, with horror fraught,
Is fleeting faſt away;
And fruitleſs flows the falling tear,
That weeps my long delay.

In vain acroſs th' accuſtom'd green
May CLARA look for me!
Nor her, nor the dear face of man,
My eyes will ever ſee!

Surpris'd along the mid-way waſte,
Where driving tempeſts blow,
The ſtern reſiſtleſs ſtroke of fate
Will lay my body low.

I feel, I feel, the freezing ſtorm
Obſtruct my lab'ring breath;
My ſhiv'ring limbs will ſoon be pale
And lifeleſs on the heath.

Unſeen, unwept, no winding ſhroud
Will my cold corſe receive;
No ſad proceſſion bear me on,
To fill my father's grave.

No riſing ſtone reveal my name,
Or make my merit known;
No ſculptur'd elegiac lay
Lament my early doom.

Extended o'er the howling heath,
To bleaching blaſts a prey,
The wearing waſte of with'ring winds
Will moulder me away.

If e'er to thee, in happier hour,
My pray'r delightful roſe,
Pity my maid, myſterious heav'n!
And ſwift my ſorrows cloſe.

ELEGY

ELEGY XXXI.

BEHOLD, ye fair! yon melancholy maid,
The tear juſt burſting from her downcaſt eye,
Who on the willow reſts her penſive head,
"And pores upon the brook that babbles by."

She once, like you, did laugh the hours away,
Was often merry, and was ſeldom grave;
Walks were not wanting to deceive the day,
Nor love, I ween, to cheer the gloomy eve.

The flow'rs of beauty bloſſom'd on her cheek,
Men thought her witty, and ſhe thought ſo too;
She now and then would think, but oft'ner ſpeak,
And always did as other virgins do.

When, lo! ſhe fell, for paſſion was her guide,
From ſeeming pleaſure into real ſhame:—
Sneer not, ye flaunting progeny of pride!
In ſome black hour your fate may be the ſame.

Truſt

Truſt not in figure, nor in features truſt,
The more your charms, your danger is the more;
Full many a beauteous maid has been unjuſt,
Tutor'd by vanity's deluſive lore.

Weigh well your actions, ponder ev'ry deed;
For future fame and future fortune fear;
And follow not where pow'rful paſſions lead,
For fell repentance rages in the rear.

ELEGY XXXII.

EXIL'D the ſocial joys of life,
I wander here forlorn,
Around me headlong torrents roar,
Nor gleams the diſtant morn.

Why leaps my coward heart with fear,
Tho' death beſets my way?
No loving wife, no prattling babe,
Bewails my long delay.

Hackney'd in woe, my joyleſs youth
Diſſolves in briny tears;
And withers on my downy cheek,
The bloom of boyiſh years.

My earlieſt love, my only joy,
Deſerted virtue's lore;
Ingulph'd in infamy ſhe lies,
To riſe, alas! no more.

Tempeſts drive on, collect your rage,
Howl, genius of the ſtorm;
Extend, ye rivers, o'er the waſte;
Come, Death, in any form.

Thanks, thanks, officious pow'r! you come;
I feel thy friendly dart;
Cold chills the current of my life,
And freezes to my heart.

Farewel, thou canker of my hopes!
My ruin'd maid! adieu;
Welcome, forgetfulneſs of woe,
And ſleep for ever new.

ELEGY XXXIII.

To CLARA.

DEPRIV'D of all that mortals hold moſt dear,
The world's free converſe, and the ſocial ear;
Depriv'd of ev'ry pleaſurable ſcene,
The foreſt's foliage, and the meadow's green;
Where can this wretched boſom find repoſe?
Without is wildneſs, and within are woes:
To whom diſſolve in ſorrow's ſimple lay,
And ſoftly ſigh its miſeries away?
To whom but thee; where all my wiſhes tend,
My lovely miſtreſs, and my faithful friend:
To whom but thee; of all the gods have left,
The greateſt bleſſing, and the lateſt gift.

BOOKS, unperceiv'd, may ſteal the lagging hour,
And ſear the wounds they ſtrive in vain to cure,
May for a moment ſoothe the troubled mind,
But ſtill remains a dreadful void behind;
The pliant paſſions, hinder'd in their courſe,
Collect their rage, and ſtrike with double force;

Their waves repreſs'd, with double fury roll,
O'erwhelm, confound, and ſtupify the ſoul.
Hard are the wayward fates, that thus oppoſe
A mortal wight againſt immortal foes;
That, unconcern'd, behold us from afar
Waging an endleſs, an unequal war;
Hard is our fate! yet never had my cry
Impeach'd the rigid ruler of the ſky;
Never my murmurs, my complaints, been heard,
Had thy ſweet voice my drooping ſpirits cheer'd;
Thy hands ſuſtain'd me fainting in the field,
My bleeding wounds thy wiſdom's balſam heal'd.
Not ſuch the happineſs awaits my days,
For ever baniſh'd from thy beauty's blaze;
Weigh'd down by life's whole complicated woes,
Never to riſe from whence none ever roſe!
I ſlide, by all unnoted, to the tomb;
Tir'd of the preſent, court a world to come.
Whate'er my hopes, forgive this parting tear!
They ſoon ſhall wither on the mournful bier;
Soon with this crazy frame for ever loſt,
Hide their aſpiring turrets in the duſt.
Farewel, dear maid! conjecture what I feel,
In youth to bid the maid I love farewel:
Farewel, dear maid! and never may'ſt thou be
A pining, plaintive, dying wretch, like me.

ELEGY

ELEGY XXXIV.

FLED are the bloſſoms of each tree,
And blaſted ev'ry bough;
Silent and gloomy is the grove,
And ſolitary now.

In vain I ſeek each fav'rite ſpot
That gave delight before;
Diſmal each fav'rite ſpot appears,
And gives delight no more.

A proſpect comfortleſs and ſad,
Long lengthens all around;
And ev'ry paſſing ſtreamlet gives
A melancholy ſound.

If on the azure of the eaſt
I fix my wand'ring eye,
Love, grief, and MIRA, fill my ſoul;
I rave, I mourn, I cry.

And can I look to where the ſun
Directs his ev'ning ray,
Nor call to mind an hapleſs friend
Who lingers life away?

Yes, yes, I yield, unhappy youth!
Whene'er I think of thee;
I yield the dearly purchas'd prize,
Superior miſery.

But tho' unequal in the ſtrife,
I ſome diſtinction claim;
Ills and misfortunes not a few
Adorn my growing name.

Fate's iron pencil has engrav'd
On either penſive brow,
Some leading features of diſtreſs,
Some well-touch'd tints of woe.

Alike black envy's blaſting fang
And rooted ſpite we prove;
Alike we ſhed the ſecret tear
Of diſappointed love.

Alike, deceitful hope uſurps
  Our unſuſpecting breaſt;
An artful miniſter of woe,
  Ingenious to moleſt.

An endleſs croud of ills, a ſad
  Variety of pain,
Croſs iſſues, and tormenting fears,
  Compoſe his dreadful train.

Thrice happy they, who gain from heav'n
  A calm unruffled life,
Of tearleſs ſorrow, ſilent woe,
  Uninterrupted grief.

Abſtracted from this buſy ſcene,
  Agreed with all around,
They ſteal from life, unfelt the pain,
  Incurable the wound.

Such be the tenor of my days,
  And ſuch my latter end;
And ſuch (he aſks no more) may heav'n
  Beſtow upon my friend.

ELEGY

ELEGY XXXV.

HAIL, dear companions of my youthful days!
Frequented hills and natal vallies, hail!
Peace reſt around—while I inceſſant raiſe
My plaintive voice, and woes unweary'd wail.

Peace reſt around!—the only boon I crave,
Is, undiſturb'd, by yonder ſtream to ſtray;
To muſe unnoted in the cool of eve,
Unnoted court the dawning of the day.

Why would you aſk a melancholy man,
To number ills th' unhappy only prove?
The diſmal tale would turn the wanton wan,
Infectious ſorrow ſeize the group of love.

No, in my boſom let them ever reſt;
A boſom that rejoices in the ſmart:
I graſp the dear deſtroyer to my breaſt,
And feed the paſſion which muſt break my heart.

Yes,

dagger

Yes, MIRA! yes, I hug thy faithleſs form:
  See happy days; days never meant for me!
Yet ſtill I feel the riſing raging ſtorm,
  'Tis tranſport, joy, and death, to think on thee.

Death! let thy deep-dy'd purple garment flow,
  The bloody ſabre threaten in thy hand;
I fear thee not, array'd in weeds of woe;
  Of woe, awak'd by MIRA's own command.

ELEGY XXXVI.

BY MAIDEN's ſolitary banks,
  In vain I penſive ſtray;
And recollect each happy ſpot
  Where lovely MIRA lay.

Sad is the comfort, ſmall the joy,
  Remembrance can beſtow;
A momentary gleam at moſt;
  Short interval of woe!

Each

Each waving willow brings to mind
Some fleeting pleaſure paſt;
And ev'ry blooming flow'r recals
Some joy for ever loſt.

Ev'n MAIDEN, as in ſullen haſte
Her gloomy waters roll,
Points back to former days, and feeds
The ſorrows of my ſoul.

Awak'd by mem'ry, ſleeping cares
With keener violence wound;
Each lowly lily bears a thorn,
And briers are ſpread around.

Ye pleaſing, lonely ſcenes! farewel;
Nor wake my waining woes;
Still let me ſhun your dang'rous path,
Nor hazard my repoſe.

Far, far remov'd from all your ſnares,
By unobſerv'd degrees,
My troubled ſoul may ſink again
To melancholy eaſe.

ELEGY XXXVII.

Occaſioned by the Loſs of the AURORA, with the INDIAN SUPERVISORS.

ARE there, who, loſt to all their country's charms,
To friends, companions, and their native home,
Who burſt, unfeeling, from a parent's arms,
And, mad for gold, in foreign regions roam?

Mean is their aim, if gold alone allures;
If glory fires not, nor their country's love:
On ſuch the INDIAN nightly curſes pours,
And calls red vengeance from the courts above.

Alas! how many, loſt to honeſt fame,
On GUINEA's coaſt have courted black diſgrace;
Have render'd infamous a BRITON's name,
By lording lawleſs o'er a feeble race.

How many, ev'n on INDIA's fartheſt ſhore,
Have robb'd the helpleſs native of his own!
Unlike to thoſe AURORA idly bore
To honeſt induſtry and fair renown!

Each

Each breaſt beat faithful in its country's cauſe,
Each heart was warm with love of human kind;
Keen to eſtabliſh equitable laws,
They chode the failing breeze and lagging wind.

Not always in the bark where virtue ſails,
Does ſmooth-brow'd ſafety at the helm preſide;
Not always is ſhe fann'd with proſp'rous gales,
Since death's dark waves oft daſh againſt her ſide.

Since oft on rocks, to charts and maps unknown,
The hapleſs veſſel ſuffers ſudden wreck;
Nor is it virtue that can ſave alone,
When all around the wat'ry pillars break.

Were virtue pow'rful o'er the ſtormy deep,
AURORA on it's boſom ne'er had lain;
Nor mothers taught their infant babes to weep
For fathers toſſing on the wat'ry main.

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ELEGY

ELEGY XXXVIII.

ON MAIDEN's ſolitary ſhore
No gaudy bloſſoms blow;
And ſilent is it's leaf-lin'd bow'r,
Or but repeats my woe.

The fairy forms that revell'd here,
In fancy's fair array,
No longer ſoothe the liſt'ning ear
With love's alluring lay.

Sullen they leave their fav'rite ſcene,
To ſorrow's cruel crew;
But fate prepares another plain,
Ye friendly fays! for you.

Behold, by yonder tuneful ſtream
My MIRA builds your bow'r!
There ſhall you feed the ſecret flame,
While ſighing ſwains adore.

But me, what guardian god ſhall guide
Thro' this perplexing path?
Here walks wan Want, with giant ſtride,
And here Deſpair and Death.

In woe's wild winding luckleſs leſt,
The fruitleſs ſearch I drop—
She dwells not on this dreary coaſt;
No happineſs I hope.

The gods no fairer fortune give,
I'll bleſs the breeze that blows;
And ſpend the ling'ring life I live
In friendſhip with my woes.

With Want, I'll ſpeak of former days;
With Death, of bliſs above;
But, with Deſpair, I'll wond'ring trace
The luckleſs lot of love.

ELEGY XXXIX.

FATE, when you forc'd me from the weeping maid,
Patient I bare it, nor did once repine;
" Altho' depriv'd of love's ſolace, (I ſaid),
The ſacred joys of friendſhip ſhall be mine.

Above each trifling wiſh, each low concern,
In peaceful ſolitude's untrodden path,
With virtuous DAMON wiſdom's ways I'll learn,
And coolly wait the timely ſtroke of death."

* * * * * * * * * * * *

" Grant, while I live, the converſe of my friend,
And, O, be few the days I'm doom'd to live."—
Such was my pray'r, in lowlineſs of mind,
No greater boon I aſk'd the gods to give.

In vain I pray'd, my woes were not compleat,
Nor yet the cup of miſery was crown'd;
Poverty lurk'd in ſolitude's retreat,
And puſh'd me, ling'ring, from the hallow'd ground.

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Where ſhall I wander? to what diſtant ſhore,
Where friendſhip's heav'nly radiance never ſhone,
Carry this woe-worn carcaſe; never more
To feel it's influence as I have done?

What generous hand will point me out the dome
Where independence and each virtue dwell?
Thro' India's ſultry regions ſhall I roam,
Or cow'r contented in the hermit's cell?

Vain is the ſearch: for, who will condeſcend
To guide the wand'rings of a wretch ſo mean!
Reſtore, kind heav'n! my beſt, my only friend,
And let want ſweep me from the puzzling ſcene.

ELEGY

ELEGY XL.

BENEATH this moſſy oak's embow'ring ſhade,
Where CLYDE majeſtic rolls his lengthen'd ſtream,
I've found a ſeat for tender ſorrow made,
On which the ſun ne'er ſhed one genial gleam.

Hail, gentle genius of this mournful bow'r!
Who mingles tears with ev'ry plaintive gueſt;
Say, did you ever, by your friendly pow'r,
Serene the paſſions of ſo ſad a breaſt?

Say, ſkill'd in woes which ancient lovers bare,
Lovers to black oblivion long conſign'd!
Can all their complicated ills compare
With my unmingled miſery of mind?

When future lovers ſhall lament their fate,
Beneath the ſhadow of this aged tree,
The diſmal ſtory of my woes relate,
They'll ceaſe to ſorrow when they think of me.

Tell them, that MIRA was my earlieſt love;
Tell, how my humble paſſion ſhe repay'd;
When lawleſs ruffians ruſh'd into the grove,
And forc'd to diſtant climes the hapleſs maid.

Then onward lead them to yon hillock's height,
Whoſe graſs long-rankling drinks the ſullen wave,
And, weeping, bid the verdant turf ly light,
And plant the wat'ry willow round my grave.

So may they all eſcape my timeleſs end,
And never, never, my misfortunes feel;
Ne'er loſe a miſtreſs, ne'er lament a friend,
Nor bare their boſoms to the fatal ſteel.

ELEGY XLI.

FAREWEL, companions of my ſecret ſighs,
Love-haunted ſtreams, and vales beſprent with dew!
Penſive, I ſee the ridgy hills ariſe,
Which muſt for ever hide you from my view.

A fleeting ſhadow was my promis'd peace,
The baſeleſs fabric of a dream, my reſt;
I laid me down in confidence of eaſe,
And meedleſs ſorrow burſt my bleeding breaſt.

See, yonder fleets the viſionary ſcheme,
The fond illuſion of a ſimple maid;
The ſweets of love, ALEXIS, and with him
The fragrant meadow, and the cooling ſhade!

Say, my ALEXIS, was it fancy'd bliſs
You us'd to picture by yon falling rill?
O, ſay, where is it?—muſt it end in this?
O, ſtill deceive, and I'll believe you ſtill!

Say, fortune yet has happier days in ſtore;
Days big with tranſport, and with raptures new;
O! ſay I'm your's, I aſk, I hope no more;
But only ſay ſo, and I'll think it true.

But whither wanders my diſtemper'd brain,
On ſeas of fancy and vagary toſt?
Before me lies a bleak extended plain,
And love and rapture are for ever loſt.

ELEGY

ELEGY XLII.

To MIRA.

KNEELING before the Majeſty of heav'n,
For gilded roofs my prayer never roſe;
I aſk'd no fertile field's delicious fruit,
Nor bent a wiſh to what a FLORIO plows.

With thee to ſhare the calmer joys of life,
On thy ſoft boſom wear my age away;
And timely tott'ring on the verge of fate,
Look back with pleaſure on each well-ſpent day.

I aſk'd no more:—Of what avail to me
The tranſient honours of a fleeting hour;
The cumb'rous trappings of a large eſtate,
The painted hanging, and the marble floor?

Can riches blunt the dreadful dart of pain;
Or check misfortune in her mid career?
Diſpel the terrors of approaching fate;
Or ſnatch their owners from the mournful bier?

Let want expoſe me to the world's contempt,
And poverty in all her rags inveſt;
Return,—and let the fooliſh world deſpiſe;
Return,—in ſpite of poverty I'm bleſt.

If heav'n, averſe, reject my earneſt pray'r,
And fortune fix me in theſe diſtant plains,
Ceaſe, ceaſe, dread ſiſters! your ungrateful toil,
And burn the luckleſs thread that yet remains.

ELEGY XLIII.

To MIRA.

In the Manner of TIBULLUS.

WHY, MIRA! why this uſeleſs waſte of time?
To round your nails with artificial care,
To ſmear your lovely locks with fulſome grime,
And add falſe ringlets to your gloſſy hair?

The irkſome taſk of meditating dreſs,
Each ſacrifice to faſhion's labour loſt;
The more you ſtrive to pleaſe, you pleaſe the leſs,
"When unadorned, then adorn'd the moſt."

Let

Let the ſtale virgin, with coſmetic art,
To wonted bloom the faded cheek reſtore;
In gorgeous garments ſtrive to gain a heart,
Who dares not truſt her native beauties more.

Rouge, and falſe ringlets, certainly were meant
For cheeks turn'd yellow, and for locks turn'd gray;
The fringed petticoat, to hide within't
A leg that's clumſy, or a foot that's ſplay.

Some hoary beldam, in the natal hour,
Mumbled her incantations o'er your head;
Some beldam, ſkill'd in every ſimple's pow'r,
That grows unnoted in the vernal mead.

I wrong your ſacred beauties, and profane
Their myſtic energy to raiſe deſire;
Yes, magic ſpells and potent herbs were vain,
Your native charms, without inchantment, fire.

Come, MIRA! come, while in your beauty's pride
Indulge to love; away with meaner things;
In raptures loſt, in love's embraces ty'd,
How filly grandeur, and the wealth of kings!

Let

Let driv'lling dotards buy the ſtately dame,
To watch the foibles of declining years;
To wipe with duteous hand the ropy phlegm,
And wrap the flannel cov'ring round their ears.

To liſten ſleepleſs to the midnight moan,
Requires a jointure, and a rich reward;
And ſay, what ſettlement can e'er atone
For the gruff violence of a griſly beard?

But to enclaſp the poliſh'd limbs of youth,
To ſhare the ſecrets of a tender breaſt,
Where every thought is conſtancy and truth,
And each wiſh riſes to make MIRA bleſt!

Sublimer happineſs can titles yield?
Can wealth, or grandeur, greater meed beſtow?
Unbias'd nature ſcorns the blazon'd field,
And ev'ry finer feeling anſwers, No.

ELEGY

ELEGY XLIV.

WHILE ſad I ſtray in ſolitary grief,
Where wild woods thicken, and where waters flow;
No hope prophetic miniſters relief,
Nor thought preſaging mitigates my woe.

The diſmal proſpect thick'ning ills deform,
Black, and more black, each coming day appears;
Remov'd from ſhelter, I expect the ſtorm,
And wait the period of deceitful years.

Soon may it come:—and, O, may MIRA ſoon
Forget the pleaſures ſhe has left behind!
All that at firſt her virgin graces won,
And all that ſince engag'd her youthful mind.

What is ALEXIS? what his boaſted love,
The banks of MAIDEN, and the vales around?
But a fair bloſſom in the dreamer's grove,
That ſudden ſinks, and never more is found.

Yet,

It out at least a hundredth Ounce
Proof

Yes, yes, dear maid! the happineſs of youth
Is but the rev'ry of a real dream;
We catch deluſions in the guiſe of truth;
A lover's raptures are not what they ſeem.

But yet a little, and the eye of age
Diſſolves the phantoms to their native air;
A new creation opens on the ſage,
Another paſſion, and another fair.

Forgive my weakneſs, for 'tis ſurely weak,
To teach, and yet deſpiſe the prudent part;
I feel, alas! I feel it as I ſpeak;
This is a language foreign to my heart.

Her rigid lecture reaſon reads in vain,
Cold are her precepts, and her comforts cold;
I would not barter poverty and pain
For CLODIO's wiſdom, or for FLORIO's gold.

One only boon is all I aſk of thee;
When in the manſion of the peaceful plac'd,
O, do not ſhed one precious tear for me,
But let my ſorrows in oblivion reſt!

As in the boſom of unwater'd wilds
A lowly lily languiſhes unſeen,
And ſoon to drought, unknown, unnoted, yields,
Leaving no traces that it once had been.

ELEGY XLV.

YE dreams of bliſs, and flatt'ring hopes, that wont
With momentary joy to eaſe my care,
Where are ye now? and what is your amount?
Vexation, diſappointment, and deſpair.

Well-pleas'd, I ſaw your airy bubbles blown,
Seemingly fair, and deck'd with many a ray;
But, lo! the tempeſt roſe, and they were gone,
Broke and evaniſh'd in a ſingle day.

Peace, baſe-born wiſhes, ſprung from ſelfiſh pride!
Will fate reverſe her poſitive decree?
You hill divides us, and will ſtill divide,
Nor bend its lordly brow to pleaſure me.

Yes,

Yes, far beyond yon hill's aſpiring height,
Which, to the orient, bounds our utmoſt view,
Where other ſtreams reflect the morning light,
And other mountains are array'd in blue;

MIRA now liſtens to the midnight knell,
By little rills that mimic MAIDEN's flow;
And bids ſublimely ſad the ſpinet ſwell,
The ſolemn notes of ſympathetic woe.

Enough, dear maid! to conſtancy and love,
To tender parents ſurely ſomething's due;
Let others taſte the joys I cannot prove,
The happy man whom fortune means for you.

O! bring not down, with unavailing tears,
Their hoary heads with ſorrow to the grave;
Let not thy grief affict the full-of-years,
But grant the grandſon whom they juſtly crave.

One thought is all I aſk; if marriage vows,
And jealous HYMEN, ſhall admit of one;
One only thought, in mem'ry of my woes,
One thought, in pity of a wretch undone.

ELEGY XLVI.

SAY, have I ſworn deceitfully to heav'n,
Or yet profan'd the deities of love?
Has one injur'd me, and not been forgiv'n?
Or, want neglected, drawn the wrath of Jove?

If ſo, let years in painful penance paſt,
And midnight pray'rs the grievous ſin atone;
My youthful ſtrength let pining ſickneſs waſte,
And tort'ring aches prey on ev'ry bone.

But ſpare, O ſpare, the lovely guiltleſs maid!
Why ſhould ſhe ſuffer for another's fault?
Is this the due of matin prayers paid,
Of pureſt piety, and untainted thought?

The dire diſeaſe deforms each lovely limb,
Death's pallid yellow overſpreads her face;
Vain are my vows; for what can ſoften him,
The unrelenting butcher of the race?

Farewel,

Farewel, dear maid! again, again, farewel;
Nor doubt thy lover will ſurvive thy death:
One fatal hour ſhall ring our ſolemn knell,
One grave ſhall hold, one turf ſhall cover both.

ELEGY XLVII.

To MIRA.

BY the remembrance of our ſecret joys,
And all the hallow'd myſteries of love;
Thy blooming beauties, and unſully'd fame,
The rolling river, and the conſcious grove;

Forgive my fears, from too fond paſſion ſprung,
Nor blame thy lover, if he dares complain—
The wonted favours you deny me now,
Are they not laviſh'd on a richer ſwain?

When prideful FLORIO exulting boaſts,
His lowing herds, that blacken all the lea,
Numbers his boundleſs ſtores; is he receiv'd,
Or heard with cold civility, like me?

Shook by diſeaſe, you late deſponding lay,
Wan was your cheek, and hollow was your eye;
Relenting heav'n beheld my pious grief;
A lover's grief is grateful to the ſky:

Straight on your cheek the faded roſes bloom'd,
Your wither'd eye-balls ſudden moiſture lav'd;
And ſhall another riot on theſe charms,
Poſſeſs theſe beauties which my piety ſav'd?

Think not, falſe maid! ALEXIS, unaveng'd,
Will bear the pangs of ill-requited love;
O! timely ſhun the blaſting curſe of heav'n;
An injur'd lover has a friend above.

Why check that tear, repreſs that ſwelling ſigh?
Hail, happy omens of my future bliſs!
Flow, quicker flow, ye ſweet repentant tears!
Ye cannot flow ſo faſt as I can kiſs.

ELEGY

ELEGY XLVIII.

To MIRA.

AND were the fond, the tender things you ſaid,
Your vows, confirm'd by ev'ry pow'r above,
The mimic raptures of a longing maid,
To waſte the tedious intervals of love?

When, warmly wanton, round my neck you hung,
For fawning FLORIO was the favour meant?
'Twas injur'd I the mournful harp that ſtrung;
But fell yon tear becauſe of my complaint?

The winning muſe I, hapleſs! woo'd in vain;
Aſcrib'd to FLORIO was the melting lay;
I till'd in ſorrow, and I ſow'd in pain,
A foreign hand the harveſt ſwept away.

Ungrateful maid! for thee, with wakeful care,
I plann'd the pleaſant, elegant retreat;
For thee the lowly cottage did prepare,
That might eclipſe the dwellings of the great.

As,

As, hand in hand, we left its hazel bourne,
This was deſign'd our walk at early dawn;
Here, ſweetly ſings the linnet from the thorn,
And mazy MAIDEN laves the lilied lawn.

Diſmally ſhaded with ſurrounding yews,
And lonely, riſes FLORIO's Gothic dome;
With dead men's bones each walk the beadle ſtrews;
And ev'ry proſpect beckons to the tomb.

But if ſuch ſcenes to MIRA's eyes are fair,
If ſuch the paths her feet delight to tread,
Deſpis'd ALEXIS will attend her there,
Perhaps ſo happy as to pleaſe when dead.

ELEGY XLIX.

To MIRA.

IF you in fancy's ever-blooming ſcenes,
Contemplative of future grandeur, rove,
Delighted gaze on FLORIO's wide demeſnes,
And bluſh to recollect an humbler love:

'Twere

'Twere rude, dear maid! to break the golden dream,
To ſweep the gaudy equipage away;
Sully the maſſy plater's ſilver gleam,
Or grind the China to its native clay.

Be far from me th' invidious cruel taſk,
To point the flaws which fancy's colours hide!
Too ſoon experience will remove the maſk,
And ſhew the nakedneſs of pompous pride.

But if you cheriſh in your faithful breaſt,
The pleaſing memory of former days,
Kindly recal each ſacred promiſe paſt,
And only fate our happineſs delays:

My willing muſe ſhall ſpeed the tedious hour,
And cheer your ſolitude with pious care;
At noon attend you in the woodland bow'r,
And add freſh fragrance to the ev'ning air.

Still true to virtue, let us ſhun the bait
That from her paths would tempt our ſteps aſtray;
Still for a favourable iſſue wait,
And thro' each difficulty edge our way.

Misfortune's waves may overwhelm a while,
But buoyant virtue will emerge at laſt;
The time advances that rewards our toil,
And blots from memory the ſorrows paſt.

ELEGY L.

To the MEMORY of ALEXIS.

HERE, broader ſpreads the lowly creeping thyme,
Here, fairer lilies, freſher daiſies, grow;
Here, ſprings the pride of Flora's flow'ry prime,
Blue hare-bells bud, and purple vi'lets blow.

And here, the willows weave a thicker ſhade,
And here, the hawthorns wear a whiter bloom;
And milder, o'er the many-colour'd mead,
Yon bloſſom'd furze exhale a fragrant fume.

Hard by the ſtream, and on this very ſpot,
Where clearer by, the cryſtal waters creep;
I've found the ſeat ALEXIS frequent ſought,
Slowly deſcending from yon upland ſteep.

Hail,

Hail, hallow'd ſeat! ſo lonely and ſerene!
Sequeſter'd ſtream, and verdant valley, hail!
Still may the willow grace your windings green,
And ſtill the hawthorn whiten o'er your dale.

For oft, on MAIDEN's blooming banks, the fire
Of vivid fancy has inſpir'd his ſong;
And oft the veh'mence of the living lyre
Has chas'd his cheerleſs minutes ſwift along.

Tho' now no poet pierce this green retreat,
Nor hallow'd footſtep mark this mazy way;
Sad, I will ſeek his unfrequented ſeat,
And waſte in penſive thought the cloſe of day.

Tho' fancy on my eye her fairy field,
Fraught with the ſweets of ſong, may not unfold;
Sorrow reſtrain the muſe's rovings wild,
And melt to languor down her ardour bold;

Out-ſtretch'd, beneath his willow-woven ſhade,
In flaunting pride unprofitably gay,
Mem'ry will wake the white-wing'd minutes fled,
And point each ſpot where muſing late he lay.

Still, ſtill, unweary'd, wander o'er and o'er
Each haunted walk, and long-frequented ſcene;
And, true to friendſhip's never-venal lore,
Pour fondly forth one tributary ſtrain!

For here his foot has now forgot to ſtray,
In love-lorn mazes winding ſweetly wild;
No ſedge-crown'd Naiad liſtens to his lay,
Melodious warbled o'er th' accuſtom'd field.

While op'ning youth reveal'd each gayer grace,
Fluſh'd the plump cheek, and ſpread the vermil hue,
Gave the rapt eye with glowing warmth to trace
Life's fair inchanting proſpects full in view:

Uproſe Diſeaſe, and roſe with aſpect wan,
Conſumption, ſlow, reſiſtleſs, and ſevere!
Swift, as ſhe roſe, each flatt'ring proſpect ran,
And left him diſappointment's bitter tear!

It nought avail'd, that virtue gave him worth,
That genius deign'd her eye-enlight'ning ray;
Or MIRA led his frequent footſtep forth,
Where woven willows fringe the wat'ry way!

I ſaw

I ſaw him ſink! I ſaw him yield his breath,
Stretch'd in yon lone cot's dim-diſcover'd ſhade!
And, like the ſwain who dies a vulgar death,
Low in yon church-yard green I ſaw him laid!

I ſaw a mother cloſe his eye to reſt!
I ſaw a ſiſter ſtretch him on the bier!—
Still the remembrance ruſhes on my breaſt,
And widow'd friendſhip drops another tear!

And ſure, when youth is ſnatch'd from fame's fair meed,
Fond friendſhip's fire, and love's congenial glow,
And in the narrow grave untimely laid,
A ſigh ſhould murmur, and a tear ſhould flow.

Yes, my ALEXIS! while to me 'tis giv'n
On life's lorn way to wander, and to weep!
Ere, due to fate, deſcends the hand of heav'n,
To cloſe my lids in everlaſting ſleep:

Penſive and ſad, I'll ſeek your haunted ſtream,
What time grey twilight ſways the ſober hour;
And oft I'll ſtretch me on the loneſome green,
And oft theſe melancholy muſings pour.

Short is the date to gentle love aſſign'd;
Swift is the hour to dædal fancy due;
To-day we fold an heart-dividing friend,
To-morrow mourn him raviſh'd from our view!

Wit's wayward ſtrain, and Beauty's ſyren ſmile,
Mirth's jocund laugh, and Hope's gay-glitt'ring ray,
Diſguiſe deluſive youth with pleaſing guile,
And tempt the yielding heart from truth aſtray!

Inclin'd to error, mortals ſtill miſtake,
Expecting ſolid happineſs below;
Made drunk at Fancy's feaſt, we ſleep, and wake
From viſionary bliſs to real woe.

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FINIS.

A Parody — Damascene Sad —

(See Elegy XXI. Grome's Works, Bristol
Poetry vol. XI. p. 434)

1

The aching pleura wrenching tortur'd side
The stately doctor deems the liver diseas'd;
But scorns in vain it pleads prescriptions rights
No pills remove it & no nostrums ease

2

My tender childhood caught the deadly pain
With growing years the fell distemper grew,
Now tyrannizing o'er its future spread,
It laughs at physic with a scornful brow.

3

Tho' aching stitches, a tormenting train,
And absence all her native beauties dread,
Yet lovely Goddess, pictur'd in my breast,
Dispels the gloom & bursts the dark enwrapping cloud

4

The care of youth still haunts my aching thoughts
I feel the organs of my former days.
And shrink below the racking torments power
What patience dictates & what reason says.

J. Grome

Carnwath
Nov.r 9.th 1769.

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